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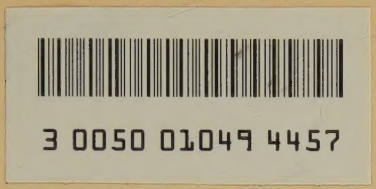
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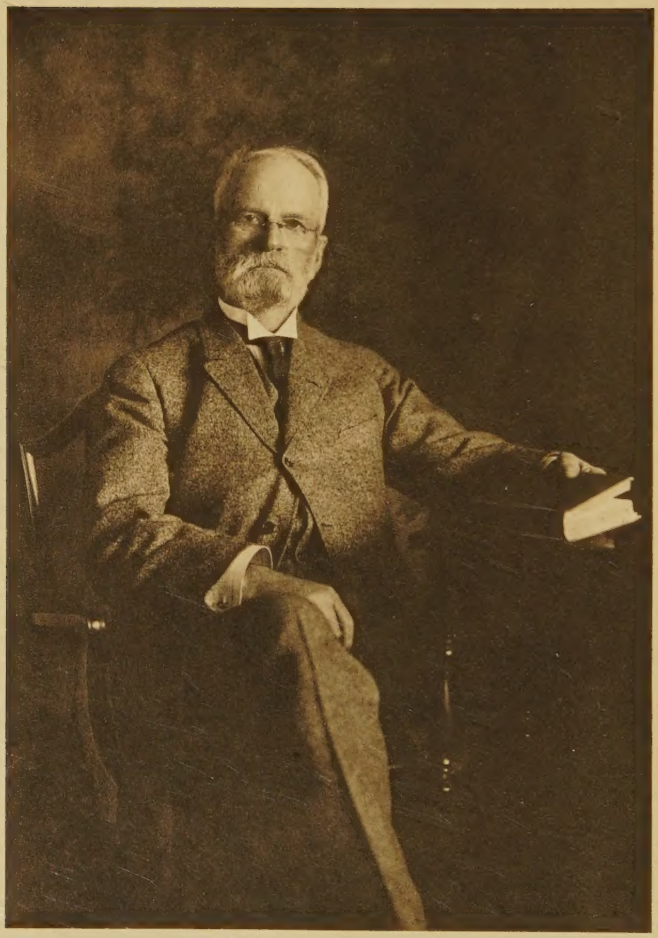

John M. Stillman

McWilliams, John.

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
JOHN McWILLIAMS,

HIS YOUTH,
EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA
AND
THE CIVIL WAR.

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CHAPTER I

Ancestry and Family History

This is the record of a native of the soil. I am dictating these memories of my youth and of the Civil War at the urgent request of my children, that my grandchildren and their children after them may realize something of the differences between the period in which they live and that in which I spent my childhood and early manhood. If I had to write these recollections out in longhand, as we used to, they never would be chronicled, as writing is not my forte.

All of our family records were burned in 1901. When friends came to console me, I told them that they should congratulate instead of pitying me. When asked why, I answered, "Because my family was saved, and nothing but the house and its contents was burned. We can build another house."

But now that I want to write of family his-

tory I wish that the records had not been destroyed.

The first mention of the McWilliams family that I know anything about was made by Sir Walter Scott, when he made a trip to the Hebrides. He sailed up Loch Foyle to Londonderry, and described the ruins along the Loch,—the ruins of Red Castle, White Castle and Green Castle. The ruins of Green Castle were very extensive, and the Castle was said to have belonged to the Clan of McWilliams —once a powerful clan. So I will refer inquirers as to my ancestry to "the ruins of the castles of me ancestors" in Ireland.

The whole subject of ancestry reminds me of Mark Twain's search for his family geneology and his reward for tracing the ramifications of the branches of his "family tree."

Mark said that he was real interested in his search until he found some of his ancestors hanging on the branches of the geneological tree. Then he lost interest.

My grandfather, Alexander McWilliams, was born on the Atlantic as his parents were emigrating to America from the Highlands of Scotland. Thus my grandfather was "a man without a country." His father, for whom he

was named, was accompanied by two brothers.

I do not know whether Great-grandfather and his wife had other children; neither do I know what became of his two brothers. But he settled at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and he and his wife were members of the Scotch Covenanters Presbyterian Church.

Finally they moved to Belmont County, Ohio. There Grandfather married Jane Paxton, daughter of John Paxton, of Protestant Irish descent. Their three children, John, David, and James, my father, were born on Scotch Ridge, in Belmont County. Scotch Ridge was opposite old Fort Wheeling, which was in Virginia before West Virginia was made a separate State.

Great-grandfather McWilliams was eighty-four when he died, in 1824. I do not know when his wife died. Grandmother died about 1803, when my father was only about a year old; he was born in 1802. Grandfather married again, and by this wife he had eleven children.

Grandfather always was a farmer, and he also had a mill and a distillery on Glenn's Run. When my father and his two brothers arrived at an age when they were workers, John, who

was just married, and David, went from Martin's Ferry to New Orleans with two flat-boats loaded with the products of the country, flour, grain, and whiskey.

These uncles of mine were never heard of afterward. Probably, in coming back home from New Orleans, they either walked or rode across the country. Cholera was raging that year; and no one ever knew whether they died of the dread scourge, or were robbed and killed, as it was supposed that they had considerable money on their persons.

John's wife, who was of Quaker descent, gave birth to their only child, Abner J., during John's absence; and, aside from the loss of his two older sons, the monetary loss crippled Grandfather so seriously that he failed. He then moved further into Ohio, to Union County, near the center of the State, and there he opened up another farm. He died there when he was sixty-five.

Father received what education he had in the Ohio schools. Education in those days consisted of the three R's,—"readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic." Until he was twenty-one he worked on his father's farm. In 1824 he married, in Belmont County, Margaret, daughter

of Alexander Latimer, who was of Welsh stock. She also was born on Scotch Ridge, her birthday being in 1800.

In 1834 Father concluded to spy out the Illinois country, and went there by steamboat,—down the Ohio and up the Illinois Rivers. After looking around some time he felt that a settlement in Tazwell County, which the New England people living there had named Tremont, offered the greatest inducement; and he returned to Scotch Ridge, prepared to make an immediate change. If he had known what we afterward learned, that his farm was underlaid with coal, he might not have made this change; but these are the chances of life. That old farm is now the center of the coal district of the country.

Late in November of 1834 he, my mother and five children under ten, started for the new home. Alexander, born in '24, was the oldest; then Elizabeth, born in '27, Rachel in '30, and I was born on the 15th of January, 1832. Baby David was born in '34, and Mary was born in '38, after we came to Illinois.

Almost immediately after we boarded the steamer, we children came down with scarlet fever; and while our steamer was frozen fast

in the ice at Naples, Illinois, Rachel died. There we were, frozen up in the river, with a dead child!

Father went up into town the next morning after Rachel's death. While there he noted an auctioneer's red flag; and, making inquiries, he found that a little house of three rooms was to be sold. He bought it for one hundred dollars. But there were the people still occupying it. What to do Father did not know; but after returning to the boat he spoke to one of his fellow-passengers, Robert Allen of Kentucky, who had his wife and five children with him, and told him that if he could get the tenants out immediately he might come in with our folks until he could do better.

Mr. Allen, a bustling, energetic man, started out at once. He went up to the house and told the startled family that there was a family coming from the steamer who had small-pox, and that they had better get out as quickly as they could. We moved right in!

Rachel was buried from the small house. We did not stay there long, perhaps for a month or so. Father learned that there were fine lands over in Pike County, near Griggsville, and only eight miles from where the

steamer was frozen up. He had two good horses which he had brought, with his wagons and a "Dearborn," from Ohio. So, one Sunday, he and Mother concluded that they would go over to Griggsville and see what it looked like.

When they arrived in Griggsville, they heard that some sort of a religious service was being held in a private house—a Methodist meeting, I think. Father and Mother were members of the old Scotch Covenanters church; and, glad of the opportunity to go to church, they went into the house. When old Father Shinn, the minister, gave out a hymn, no voice responded. Mother, seeing the difficulty, immediately started the tune, for she was a good singer. When it came time for the second hymn, the minister said, "Will the strange lady raise the tune?"

In that way my parents got acquainted not only with the minister, but with others; and not long afterward Father purchased a farm, of two hundred and forty acres, from Moses Cadwell. He paid two and one-half dollars per acre for this farm, which was about two and one-half miles from town, on Griggsville

Prairie. There were eighty acres of timber near by which went with the farm.

When Father went back to Naples, a few years later, to remove the body of little Rachel, he could not find any trace of the grave. The high spring floods had obliterated all signs of it.

CHAPTER II

Boyhood Days

I was nearly three years old when we moved to Griggsville Prairie. Although I do not now recall, we must have arrived at the new home in the night, because I remember how surprised and pleased we children were when morning came to find that two or three of the boards on the bottom of the south door were knocked off, and that we and the dogs could run through without opening it.

The cabin was a rude one, covered with common three-foot clapboards. The roof was held down by weight poles which kept the boards in place. There were no windows; but there were two doors, one on each side of the house, and a large fireplace. The doors were made of clapboards nailed across on a frame, with a wooden latch and a string on the outside.

Father fixed up the cabin, put in some win-

dows, laid a loft, with a ladder on which we climbed to it, and made the place as comfortable as he could. We lived there for three years.

We brought bedsteads from Ohio, but many of the first emigrants only had home-made ones. When we set up the framework of ours small cords were woven back and forth through holes bored at intervals through the rails, and the bed was "corded up." The bed-tick was filled with nice clean corn husks, split up fine. They made very comfortable beds. When Father fixed up the loft it made a place for an extra bed or two, and I remember how pleased I was to sleep up there. The blankets and quilts were like those Riley tells about:

"As soft as the kivvers on the bed
That mother used to make in the loft
when we had company."

The home-made beds in common use among our neighbors were one-legged affairs, in at least two corners of the one room of the houses. They were made by boring two holes at right angles into the logs of the house, and two to correspond into a single post to receive the outer ends of the two rails. This made a frame,

and over it they laid clapboards, or shakes, as the Yankees called them, and then put the bedding on top.

We also brought a bureau, a gilt-framed looking-glass, and a wooden clock with wooden works. I would give a good deal if I could find that old clock. We also had chairs; but some of our neighbors had only three-legged stools to sit on, or puncheon benches.

Our first means of lighting was an iron cup that had a lip and a handle. It also had a cotton rag wick floating in liquid lard. We had no oil. This cup was fastened to the wall or to the table. It was a dim light but better than nothing. We depended more on the light from the fireplace. I remember we always had a pile of hickory bark which made a fine light, and most of the reading was done by the light of this fire.

The first candles were made by dipping wicks hung over slats into hot tallow, brought out and cooled, then dipped again until they were the requisite size. But candle molds came in use before I was very large. Kerosene, or coal-oil, was not then known. They were using it, I think, when I came home from California. It was made in Louisville, Kentucky.

The shoe-maker used to come to our house and make a pair of shoes for each of us. These shoes were supposed to last a year. We children went barefoot during the summer time. I can remember the thorns and snags we used to have pulled out of our feet; but I had no "stone-bruises" although my feet were often sore. There were no stones on that prairie soil to stub one's toes against.

At the end of the three years Father purchased other lands about six miles further west of Griggsville than where we were living, and we moved over there—to West Prairie, or New Salem, as it is called now. I can remember hearing the wolves howl at night after we got there. If we went to the neighbors' after dark we took a chunk of blazing wood in our hands so that if there were any "varmints" around it would scare them away. I also remember going to the Starkey house, or to the Jeffries', to get fire, if ours went out; for there were no sulphur matches at that time. We used, instead, flint, steel and punk.

I also remember that there were plenty of buffalo bones scattered over the ground when we came to West Prairie; and there were trails leading to what were known as buffalo licks

and watering holes. Deer also visited these licks, which were of a salty or alkali nature.

I never saw a cooking stove until after I was eight years old. There were but few in those early days in Illinois, and the cooking was done in the fireplaces. Everything that could be hung, such as pots and kettles, was hung on a crane over the fire, and baking was done by means of tin reflectors and sometimes by Dutch ovens. These ovens were iron kettles with castiron lids. We called them "bake-kettles," and they had short legs so that they could set on coals, and then coals were heaped over them as well. The frying pans had long handles and they were generally held over the fire while the meat fried. For baking "light bread" the tin reflector was always used.

Corn meal was used a great deal instead of wheat flour. This was partly because there were no flour mills within twenty miles of us. When Father would go to mill he took bags of corn and wheat. Sometimes he would have to stay two or three days before getting his grist.

When corn was soft and in the milk we grated it on a common grater—it did make fine mush. When it was older, and hard, it

was pounded fine in a "hominy block." They would make a mortar by burning out a stump or a block of wood. Then the corn was put into the hole and pounded with a maul or the pestle of a mortar.

There was a story to the effect that one man made his "hominy block" in a stump, with a pole attached to a spring-board and the pestle fastened to the other end of the pole. Then the whole contrivance was run by water power. He used to put his corn into his "hominy block" at night, turn on the power, and in the morning the corn was ground, ready to cook.

But one night a hungry rabbit jumped into the hole to get some corn. When the pestle came down, he was caught. The next morning there was a hairy mixture of meat and corn-meal!

I never saw a fork that had more than two tines until I was about eight years old. We were taught to eat with our knives, and to turn the sharp side out. There was always a pitcher of hot milk set on the table for us children, and we each had a mug. These were pretty well filled up with hot milk, and then the milk was given a little coloring of coffee. Everyone drank tea and coffee from the

saucer; and it was proper, if the drink was too hot, to blow on it while it was in the saucer. A little "cup-plate" was placed beside each saucer, to set the cup in while the tea or coffee was turned out. This "cup-plate" was intended to keep the ring of liquid from soiling the table-cloth.

Breakfast always found bacon or salt pork for the staple dish. In fact, it was the standard meat food in those days. Every well-to-do family had a smoke-house, where green hickory bark was used to smoke the hams and shoulders of the hogs. The side meat went into the pork barrel.

Among western people the great meal of the day in harvesting time was known as the "evening piece." The women folk would bring out coffee, fried chicken, biscuits with shortening, and light bread, fruits of the season, and always plenty of buttermilk. These out-of-door meals were very enjoyable. I think that food tasted better those days than it does now.

Speaking of buttermilk reminds me how I hated to have to help with the churning. The up-and-down churns were hard to manipulate, and the cream would splash over the sides. I would rather plow, any day, than churn!

Cultivated fruits were scarce, and I well remember the first apples that someone brought from one of the older settlements. There were three apples, stuck up on a limb, or a stake; and they were a wonderful treat to us children who had never tasted but one apple before. Father went back to Ohio after we had been in Illinois a year or two and brought back a barrel of apple butter. It was divided up around the neighborhood.

Turnips, raw and scraped, were considered as good as fruit when I was a child. We used to cut the top off of the scarlet-topped, flat, white turnips, and scrape them with a thin case-knife. Then we would lick the juicy pulp off the knife-blade.

Tomatoes were not used then; they were called "love apples" and were set up on the mantelpiece for ornaments. A minister came to our house after we got to Griggsville, and brought us a basket of tomatoes, and instructed us how to cook them and how to eat them raw.

But we had plenty of wild fruits. Strawberries were very abundant. The story went East that in riding over the prairies during strawberry time the horses' feet and legs would be red! After strawberries came raspberries,

dewberries and blackberries. Sometimes the blackberries would stay on the bushes until September. Then came the wild plums, and wild grapes—winter grapes, and a blue variety. These last grew very plentifully.

This was before we knew anything of canned fruits or vegetables. We had plum butter, peach butter, apple butter and blackberry jam. We always had dried pumpkin, so we could have pumpkin pie almost any time of the year. I think we lived very well, when there were good housekeepers in the family.

Black and red haws were a favorite wild fruit. I have not seen any for more than fifty years. Persimmons hung all winter on the trees and grew around the edges of the bluffs. Pawpaws grew on the edges of the river bottoms. Riley tells of them:

"An' sich pawpaws, jes' great gobs o'
green and yaller!
Like custard pie with no crust to!"

Hazel-nuts grew around the edges of the timber; and pecans, walnuts, butternuts, and three kinds of hickory-nuts, which we boys found on the creek and river bottoms, added to our winter's supply of food—and fun.

There was plenty of honey. I can remember when I was six or seven that they discovered a "bee tree" not a great way from our house. In the night Father and a neighbor cut the tree down and we got a wash-tub full of honey.

Game was plentiful—prairie-chickens and quail and rabbits. During the winter they would be hung up and kept cold for a long while.

In the early days a great many migratory birds came in the early spring and fall. Pigeons came by the millions. The sky was actually black with them for three or four days as they went north. Sometimes they would stop and rest a day or two in the timber near by, at a "pigeon roost," as it was called. We could kill them almost by the wagon-load. There was a growth of young timber near town that they used to roost in, and they would alight so thick on the trees that they would bend them right over. When dark came, we would take our shot-guns, fire into the tops of the trees that were bent over, and then light our lanterns and pick up the birds. One night I think I got a hundred and eighty pigeons in an hour or so.

The wild pigeons were very numerous up to

the year '60, but after the war there were very few to be seen; and now they say there is not one to be found on the North American continent.

Ducks, geese, swan and sandhill cranes were very plentiful. Sometimes four or five hundred of the cranes would alight on the prairie, and we could see them dancing and jumping and playing, but we could very seldom approach near enough to get a shot at them. One year there was a sudden change in the weather. It had been warm, and the ducks and geese were sitting in the wet snow, when the wind changed so suddenly that their feathers were frozen fast in the ice! Up and down the river we used to watch them. We could get a shot at them whenever they were flying.

In '58, while I was in central Missouri, the squirrels were migrating—all going north. We could see hundreds of them going in one direction. They covered the corn-fields and the fences, and it was said they swam the Missouri River, using their tails as sails.

There were a great many farmers from Vermont and New Hampshire in and around Griggsville, and they all wore what were called "Guernsey frocks." These were generally

made of a coarse material—"pepper and salt." I saw the same kind of frocks, years afterward, in Boston. They were worn by men selling beef and pork, on the Quincy Market. These same men also wore silk hats and white shirts!

The western men from Ohio and Pennsylvania had a garment they called a "Wamus." It was made usually out of red flannel, and came down to a narrow point in front, leaving strings of the flannel long enough to go around the waist and tie. It was a very convenient garment to work in, and warm.

My father was a successful farmer. In those days there were no reapers, or threshing machines. I can remember when all the wheat was cut with a sickle; and, when I was ten years old, I used to go with Father in the harvest field and work. We generally sowed the wheat "in the corn stalks," and it was protected from the winter by them. During the harvest time I learned to reap, and when my father would take me along I would take one cut with my sickle while he took three cuts with his. He was a great expert with the sickle. He could cut as much as two ordinary men.

We would throw the wheat in "hands" on the stubble as we cut through the field. Then

we would throw our sickles over our shoulders and bind back, throwing the sheafs in windrows, shocking up at night all we cut during the day.

With the Eastern settlers wheat was threshed out by hand with a flail. The handle was just like a pitch-fork handle, with a heavy piece of wood attached to it by tough rawhide. It was used like a whip, the shorter end beating out the grain on the barn floor. But we Westerners led or drove our horses over the grain to trample it out. A man always stood in the center of the threshing floor, with a pitch-fork, and he threw out any droppings that might fall. I remember riding a horse round and round in a circle on the threshing floor until I would get dizzy. The straw was gathered up when the threshing was done, and the grain was then swept up from the floor and put in a pen. Afterward it was cleaned with a hand fanning mill.

Father bought the first threshing machine that ever was brought to that part of Illinois, and the first harvester, or reaping machine. At that time there were no plows in our State that could clean or scour themselves. I remember that the old Peacock plow, which Father

brought from Ohio, would not clean itself, and it lay in the fence corner for a long time. When they plowed, they had to carry a paddle and clean the plow every eight or ten rods.

About 1844 Toby and Anderson, of Peoria, and John Deere, of Grand Detour, perfected a plow that would scour, and Father had one of them put in on trial. The neighbors for ten miles around came to see that plow work. A plow that would clean itself!

When we planted corn, we first marked the rows out each way with a plow. Then we planted two or three kernels of corn at the intersection of the squares and covered them with a hoe. As we covered, we had to put our foot on each hill to press the soil down.

Father invented a machine that he called a "drag," which made three marks across the field instead of three furrows. This expedited the planting greatly. He also got it into his head that he would turn the harrow upside-down, go across the field, crush the clods, and make it nice and smooth for cultivation. The old settlers shook their heads. That was an innovation.

After my mother died, Father moved to Griggsville, but he kept his farms, and our

principal cash crop was wheat. When we moved we passed the first white house I ever saw. It was on what was known as the Gross farm. It had Corinthian pillars and looked wonderful to me. It still stands.

Father had a big yoke of oxen, and he would load up the wagon in the morning, and we boys would take the grain down to the landing on the Illinois River, where it was shipped to market.

The Shinn family were the first settlers in that county; the father and several sons had farms on the road to the river. Father Shinn had an orchard close to the road, and the apples were a great temptation. We boys watched that orchard very closely as we went by, and one day I let the oxen pass along while I jumped over the fence and grabbed the first apples I could get hold of, but they proved green and unfit to eat.

A few days afterwards we stopped at Mrs. Clemence Shinn's for a drink of water; there were a lot of watermelons in the yard, and she gave us three of them. We ate one. When we got down to the landing, we found a steamer there, and the passengers, seeing those melons, gave us ten cents for the other two.

That was the first money I can recollect having.

Mrs. Shinn was one of the kindest of women, and always pleasant. I don't know that she saw me steal the apples. She lived to be ninety-four and died in Los Angeles about 1915. I often visited with her in her last days and always told her she started me in my fortune with that ten cents.

CHAPTER III

Life in Griggsville

We children were raised old Scotch Covenanters, but the Griggsville church was a Congregational one, although it had a Presbyterian minister whenever it could get one. We had family worship, for my mother's family was religious. Mother was a good singer, and at morning prayers we sang the Psalms of David. I remember how Uncle Morrow, who was a Presbyterian minister, would "line out" the words for us to sing, when he came to visit us—and his prayers were lengthy!

Some time before 1838 we had a well dug that was forty feet deep, and somebody put a fish into it. My sister Mary, when she was about two years old, went out of the house and looked over the well-curb to see that fish. She always had a great deal of curiosity, and, leaning too far over, she fell into the well. Mother saw the accident, and screamed. A

neighbor by the name of Smith Toland, who had been for water to the well only a moment before, was about forty rods away, and he heard the cry. He ran back as quickly as he could, went down those rough walls—forty feet—and got the child. Mary lay ten days insensible; but she came to, although she was crippled until she died.

The shock, I suppose, hastened my mother's death, which occurred December 28, 1839. Father was in the Legislature that winter, and when he heard of her sudden illness he hastened home. There was no transportation, except by horseback, at that time. All legislators kept their own horses at the seat of government. After Mother died I often dreamed of her and how we tried to keep her with us—she seemed just like a shadow. I remember that she was tall, and white-haired, and sprightly. It was said that she was superior to 'most any woman in that neighborhood at that time. She took me to camp-meeting once, when I was about six years old, and after we came home someone asked me what the preacher's text was. I remembered that it was about John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness.

My father was dark, and quick-motioned.

He and I were always good friends and intimate. He was a very sociable and kind-hearted man, and as true as steel. James McWilliams was never known to do a mean or a dishonest thing.

When he died, July 31, 1883, the Griggsville *Independent* had this to say:

"James McWilliams had been a resident of Pike County for nearly fifty years. He was a Member of the Legislature in 1838-9. He was chiefly instrumental in organizing the Griggsville National Bank in 1873, and has been its President continually. He was one of the oldest members of the Congregational Church of Griggsville, and a liberal contributor to it and to the charities of the denomination. He was much respected through the county where he was known, and faithful to the many important trusts committed to him through a long and useful life.

"Kindness to the needy and deserving was a characteristic of Mr. McWilliams; but he had a hearty contempt for the indolent and beggarly who approached him. Although remarkably pure and correct in his habits of life, he did not make himself obnoxious to the victims of the smaller vices; but taught them by example rather than precept the beauty of virtue and self-control."

I think that physically I look a great deal like my father. My sister, Elizabeth, also

looked like him; she would say, when she looked in the glass, "I can see my father."

Father gave me a grieved look once, that I have remembered all my lifetime, and it ended my drink-habit, what little I had. We talked of it years after. Father said that he was fearful I was contracting a bad habit.

Within a year of my mother's death Father married a New England school teacher, Miss Lucretia Prescott. She was a daughter of Judge Prescott, of Groton, Massachusetts. She was an educated woman, and she undertook to improve our manners, in accordance with what she had been taught. She dressed us quite differently,—put checked aprons on us, and made us look quite respectable; and she put collars on us boys when we went to school. We owe a great deal to our stepmother, for she exerted a refining influence that we never got over; but, while we were little, we thought she was very strict.

When we moved to town I was crazy to go back to the farm, and would run away and go out there. When I was fourteen I hired out to a man to drive a team of four yoke of oxen to break up the raw prairie. The man agreed to give me four dollars a month. I worked

there three or four months. What he actually paid me was a two year old steer, which was the equivalent of five dollars. He owes me four dollars yet for one month's work.

It was about this time that a friend of my step-mother's, a Miss Moore, came out from Boston. She was acquainted with President Sturdevant of the Illinois College; and when she wanted to go to Jacksonville to visit him, I was dressed up in my best clothes, and drove her over there in a buggy. I stayed all night in the college. That was as far as I ever went in college—I went through in one night!

Father started in the lumber business in 1848, when I was in my sixteenth year. He brought down the first boat of lumber that ever came down the Illinois River; and the farmers would come down to the place where he had his lumber unloaded, and look at it. They all said, "Well, Mack, you'll never sell this lumber here, in the world." But in less than two years he was selling a boat-load a week. He was a progressive man.

At that time the Forks of the Chicago River were the head of navigation,—that is, all the vessels went up to the Forks to "wind," as they called it, or, to turn around. There were two

little boats that went up and down the river, towing the canal boats and vessels; and after Father unloaded his lumber, he got a cargo of corn and sweet and Irish potatoes, to take back to Chicago, and I took my first trip there, as super-cargo. It was a very enjoyable trip to me, as I had never been farther from home than Jacksonville, Illinois.

After we loaded the canal-boat a tow-boat took us, with four or five others, up the Illinois River. We were nearly a week going up to Peru, which was the head of navigation, and then it took about five days going through the canal (close to one hundred miles) from Peru to Chicago. When we got to Bridgeport, some four miles from Chicago, the grass, a kind of swampy growth that grew three or four feet high along the river, was so tall that we could not see the city.

Although we could sell the Irish potatoes, and corn had a ready sale, we glutted the Chicago market with our three hundred bushels of sweet potatoes. Northern people did not know how to use sweet potatoes in those days. They were something new, and we had to store part of them.

There were two lines of packets running in opposition on the canal, the "Red Jacket," and the "Green Jacket." I started home on one of the "Green Jacket" boats. They accommodated about one hundred passengers and were narrow, about fourteen or fifteen feet wide, and about one hundred feet long. The cabins had hanging berths on both sides, just far enough apart for a person to get in. These berths were taken down during the daytime, and tables were set for the meals—long tables; and it was remarkable that they set so good a table. It was wonderful how they could get so much food out of such a little bit of kitchen. They had music and dancing, and we had a merry time.

At Peru we changed to a steamboat. There were two opposition boats on the river, and as we came in each had steam up, waiting for the canal-boats. One of them had a man on the hurricane deck waving a turkey to represent what good living they had. I took the turkey boat—Captain Perkins' boat, "The Chanticleer."

I recall one or two incidents of my boyhood that may fit in here as well as anywhere. One was of a magic lantern outfit that came to our

town and exhibited in the basement of the Methodist church.

A lot of us boys who didn't have the needful entrance fee were outside the church and probably we grew hilarious, making a good deal of noise. The man who had charge of the church came snooping around and recognized me as one of the crowd. The next morning he swore out a complaint against me before a Justice of the Peace, for disturbing the meeting.

I was badly scared, but I promised to give Esquire Phillips two dollars to defend me.

Esquire Coffey was for the prosecution. I had doubts of my innocence till all the boys in the crowd volunteered as witnesses for my defense, and not one of them could remember that he even saw me do anything out of the way.

Coffey saw that he had no case, so, instead of giving me a lambasting, he eulogized me as a pattern. Just as he was talking, my father happened to step into the court-room. He had heard nothing of my arrest, as he had been out of town. The eulogy almost brought tears to his eyes. I was acquitted, and wore an air of injured innocence for some time.

The other incident is of card-playing. We boys had, on the sly, learned to play cards in haymows. There was an old Methodist church out on the edge of town, and sometimes it was used for a school-building. When we used to start out to play cards we would say we were going to church.

One Sunday we had gathered at Uncle Billy Cadwell's, as we often did, for he was the soul of hospitality, and his two younger sons, Franklin and Addison, were my most intimate boyhood friends. The Cadwells were old-fashioned Kentucky Methodists, and their door was always open. No matter how plain the fare, you were asked to eat. They had a big fireplace in the living room, and we boys would hardly ever pass without stopping. They would enlarge their circle around the fire to suit the company.

This one Sunday after gathering there as usual we quietly slipped out, and up into Uncle Billy's hay-mow to play cards. I was sitting where I could see if he came up the ladder. He was very deliberate in his movements, and finally did come, looking for us. As he commenced climbing the ladder I lay

down flat in the hay where he could not see me. He said, "Boys, what are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing much," someone replied.

"Well, come with us to church."

The rest of the boys scrambled down and joined Mother Cadwell who was waiting outside in the alley. I waited until they got started, then slipped down, went out through the side gate, around the square, and ran all the way to church, taking a prominent place by the door where they could see me when they arrived; and Uncle Billy never would believe I was in that crowd of boys playing cards. At that time, hayseed didn't stick to my clothes!

CHAPTER IV

School Days

Before I went to school I had learned my letters and probably could spell a little, as Mother always was anxious to have her children educated. Until we moved to town she was wrapped up in the idea of getting there and giving us children an education.

My first schooling was received at about the age of six years, of a Miss Gilbert. I must have been a very bad boy, because one day she took me across her lap and with a ruler painfully reminded me of my latter end.

Fifty years afterward I met her in Minneapolis. She was then an old lady. She was glad to see me when I told my name; and she could hardly realize I was the bad boy she had spanked.

The school-house where we started had no floor, just the beaten earth, with a big fireplace at one end of the room. A log was cut out on

each side of the building, and paper was pasted or tacked on for windows.

The fireplace was built like all frontier fireplaces where the settlers had no bricks. The upper part was of sticks daubed with clay. Pictures of such fireplaces may be seen in old books and magazines. The chimney was built up four or five feet with a pen of logs, then filled in with mud. The space between was lined with clapboards, which were then burned out, leaving a wall of baked clay.

This school-house was on the Quincy Road, about nine miles from Griggsville, and about one-half mile from our farm. There were no desks but instead there was a plank on each side of the school-house fastened to the walls. The seats were made of hewn puncheons with the legs set in holes bored in these logs. The children sat along together on these seats, with their faces toward the center of the school-house; and when the older scholars wrote, they had to turn and face the wall.

The second term the school-house was improved by a puncheon floor.

I will not mention the name of my next teacher; she was very pious. She afterward married a minister and went as a foreign missionary.

I suppose I must have been a bad boy; at least I was mischievous. One day my brother, who was six, and I, eight, were playing with the Chaney boys, who were about our age. Miss (Blank) sent one of the older children out and got a bundle of hazel switches—long and supple, just right for switching. She kept us boys after school and began using those switches. A Mrs. Starkey, living some forty rods from the school-house, heard us screaming, and ran over. Brother Alexander, who had started for home, also heard our cries and ran back and interfered.

The teacher was boarding at our house, and when we went home that night she told Father that Alexander had interfered with her correcting the younger children at school, and Father punished Alex for it.

Saturday night, when Becky Hedger, our hired girl, took us into the kitchen for the weekly bath, she called Father in to show him our backs and legs. The welts were there yet. Father cried, and the next day the teacher went back to town.

My next teacher, after we moved into town, was Miss Ruth Tyler, of precious memory. She was kind and sympathetic, and almost shed

tears when she had to reprove us. She is one of the most pleasant recollections of my school days, for her favorite form of punishment was to set a boy between two girls, or a girl between two boys. I never did know whether the girls thought they were getting a vicarious punishment by having me sit between two of them or not; but it never was any very great trial for me.

The next teacher was a Mr. Sweet. We called him "Bitter Sweet." He believed in using the rod and always seemed to be pleased when he was whipping us; and he did not appear to be angry at all. Yet he was not a bad man.

I well remember some of my troubles when Mr. Sweet was teacher. I was about twelve then, and every Friday afternoon, as I remember it, we had declamations and dialogues. I chose for my first declamation Warren's Address at Bunker Hill:

"Stand the ground, your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?"

When the eventful day came and I got that far in my recitation, I felt, in looking at the boys and girls before whom I stood, that I not

only didn't want to "stand the ground," but that I'd willingly "give it up to slaves," if I could get back to my seat! I always was very glad when I got through, no matter what the piece I was declaiming.

One other poem I remember learning was Campbell's "On Linden, when the sun was low"; and there was a dialogue that I recall, which was about a school-master who was being examined before a committee. One of the men asked what the would-be teacher knew of mathematics. The applicant replied that he didn't know a thing about "Mattie," but that he knew "Bob" Mattocks mighty well. I never heard this anywhere else.

We also had spelling bees, and the only time I got to the head of my class was when they would spell down and let me up!

Joseph Sharp, from New Hampshire, came next. He was pretty well educated, quite an athlete, and also somewhat of a disciplinarian. If we should happen to be a little tardy on coming in at recess, he would stand by the door and catch us by the head, give us a whirl, and cause us to spin out into the center of the school-room. Sometimes he would line us up and make us pass in review. Then he would

give us two or three whacks with his stick just on general principles; and a lick was never struck amiss, according to his theory. We could not complain to our parents, as we were told not to tell stories out of school.

After Mr. Sharp came James A. Rowell. I shall speak of him later.

When I got older, I attended a select school kept by a Mr. Beardsley, a very nice man. Salvica Call, Lizzie Petrie, Sarah Hoyt, Prudence Smalley were some of the pupils; the others I can not now recall. The school was a subscription one and did not flourish. We literally starved Mr. Beardsley out.

The next teacher that I remember was a Mr. Hunt. He was very unpopular, very rough, and did not appear to be much of a man. After him came Rev. Mr. Greenleaf, a good man.

The next was Mr. Holyoke, afterward a prominent Presbyterian minister. The glare of his spectacles was terrible. He had a happy way, when he saw two boys with their heads together, of throwing his rule and hitting one or both of them on the head. Then he would make them come up to the desk and get a rap. One day, as if that were not severe enough, he made me stand with my head under the desk,

and when I was relieved, I fell over on the floor. I think he was frightened.

My last fight was with John Fuller at that school. He was much larger and older than I, and had got me down and was giving it to me good, when I got hold of a little, sharp-pointed block of wood and struck him on the head and cut his scalp a little, so that he bled. Just then school was called, and we went in together; the teacher made us sit side by side, with the blood trickling down John's face. I was punished for that, but we were good friends after.

Mr. Tanner was one of my last teachers, and I remember that one day Zeb Stoddard, one of the boys, did something, and Mr. Tanner told him he would have to apologize to the school. Zeb refused, and the teacher gave him a severe whipping.

Zeb's father prosecuted Mr. Tanner for brutality. At the trial Esquire Coffey, attorney for the defense, asked Zeb if he thought Tanner struck him "airy lick a miss." Zeb replied: "I don't think he missed me once!"

I also remember that Esquire Gordon taught one winter in a room in his house; and that I also went to school to a Mrs. Hollister, an

Eastern teacher, and an intimate friend of my stepmother. But where these two came into the sequence of my many teachers I do not now recall.

My boyhood schooling ended in the winter of '48-9. The name of my last teacher was Ambrose. His forte was arithmetic—by cancellation, mostly.

In closing this part of my school experiences I wish to say that the teachers of those days in Illinois, or at least that part of the state in which I went to school, were, many of them, in the country schools, men and women of limited education. Perhaps the women were the more learned; but the men who could do ordinary sums in compound proportion, interest, etc., were thought able to teach school if they could read, write and spell correctly.

I had read Washington Irving's "Astoria," and also Peter Parley's stories, one of which was "The Boy Captive, or Jumping Rabbit's Story." The scenes of this story were laid along the Oregon trail, and I was wonderfully interested in it. I also read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and when the news came of the discovery of gold in California, I read everything that was printed in our papers

about it, and became completely obsessed with the thought of going to the New Eldorado.

I told my father one day that I wanted to go to California. He poo-hooed at the idea. A boy of my age going so far from home! But I insisted, and four of us boys were fitted out, and on the 9th day of April, 1849, we left Griggsville for California. I shall tell the details of my life on the plains and in California in succeeding chapters; but now I will finish with my days spent in the school-room.

When I got home from California, J. W. McIntosh was teaching. I can remember how I was impressed with the appearance of the school and how orderly and different it was from the schools I had previously attended. Mr. McIntosh had been a traveler and had been to the Sandwich Islands. He was a great admirer of Daniel Webster, Longfellow, etc. Back of his desk he had the quotation:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Foot-prints in the sands of time."

He also had quotations from Webster, one of which was: "I still live!" and in front of the desk: "Order is Heaven's first law."

I went to school to Mr. McIntosh about three months. Some of the pupils whom I recall are Emily and Ellen Smith, Hepsy Shaw, Mary Tyler, Robert C. Greer, and his sister Charlotte, Henrietta George, Jason Rider, and Edward Guild.

That term we had the elementary studies of reading, spelling, arithmetic (when a boy could work out a problem in cube root he was a wonder), grammar, and the history of the United States. I had not yet gotten as far as algebra. We also had Rollins' Ancient History; but I had read Plutarch during my three years in California, and that had spoiled me for reading Rollins, because his history was largely copied from Plutarch. I recall the names of some of my school-books,—McGuffy's Readers, and Smith's Grammar and Elementary Algebra.

The next fall I went to Jacksonville and entered the public school there, under Newton Bateman, afterward Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois, a splendid man. I went as far, under him, as elementary algebra, and as far in geometry as the fifth proposition, known as the "Bridge of Asses." It was said that if you got the fifth proposition so that you could demonstrate it, you might study ge-

ometry and make a success of it. Well, I got over the "bridge" and quit.

I went two terms in Jacksonville and worked during the summer. The next winter I went to St. Louis to Jones' Commercial College, and learned the rudiments of book-keeping.

In closing this chapter I will say that I think my lack of knowledge is due to the fact that they began to educate me at the wrong end of my anatomy.

CHAPTER V

The Start for California

As I have said before, the news of the gold discoveries in California fired my imagination greatly, and I wanted to go there. All through the winter of '48-9, the excitement was great in Griggsville, and we boys often talked of going.

I commenced growing very fast when I was fifteen, and had chills and fever. Father was very anxious about me, as it was thought that I had hereditary consumption. Mother died of consumption, and brother Alexander, too. He was seventeen when he died, and I was seventeen when I wanted to go to California.

For months, every time I had a chill, it seemed as if I stretched out an inch; for when I was seventeen I was as tall as I am now (six feet, one and one-half inches); and I only weighed one hundred and twenty-two pounds.

The boys used to call me "Legs-a-mighty, and feet—oh, my!"

Along in the winter, Father and I were out trimming the trees in the orchard, and I said: "Father, I am going to California, if I have to run away. I am going, or die." And he realized that I was bound to go. Later, he consented.

There were four of us boys who had the "going fever"—my cousin, Abner J. McWilliams, who was four years older than I, William Shinn, and Sam Frye. When father said I might go, we boys went to work and bought our teams—four yoke of oxen,—had a wagon with a wagon-bed built according to our ideas of what we should have, and had our tent made.

As I said in the preceding chapter, on the 9th day of April, 1849, we started for California. Many of our young friends in Griggsville came out to our first camp, which was four miles from town; and we had a party out there that night at a little hotel. It turned very cold before morning; and when we started again the crust of the frozen ground would bear our wagons. Although it was April, we had snow-storms nearly all the way to St. Joseph, Missouri.

After we left Griggsville, Father went to St. Louis on the steamer and bought our outfit—guns, ammunition, bacon and flour—and shipped it up the Missouri, going along with it on the same steamer to meet us at St. Joseph, two hundred miles from home.

Father got to St. Jo a day or two before we did. After we arrived and went into camp, about two miles from town, he found us cooking supper. I was cutting the meat, another boy was making bread, and another was making coffee. We were glad to see Father.

After supper he took me out to one side and said: "I want you to go home with me." He knew that the day before I left Griggsville I had had a chill. He added: "Wait another year. You are too young to go." But I replied: "Why, Father! I would rather die than go home."

Father stayed with us two or three days. When we parted, he gave me two English sovereigns and two five-dollar gold pieces. He told me to keep them until the last. One of those five-dollar gold pieces I brought home to Griggsville with me. I gave it to Sister Elizabeth, and she had it when she died.

I well remember when the steamer went with Father. He stood on the stern of the boat, waving his hat and handkerchief till the boat disappeared around the bend. Good-bye, Father! Afterward, I found a shroud in my trunk, the family were so sure that I was going to die; but I was not sick a day from that time on, and I did not mind the hardships. When I got to California, I weighed more than a hundred and fifty pounds. I can say that I owe my life to a change of climate and living, and to fat bacon instead of cod-liver oil.

We left St. Joseph on the 7th of May and had a strenuous time getting across the Missouri, as did the other outfits. We had to move our wagons by hand for two or three days to get them to the ferry; and we had to keep our cattle 'way back in the open spaces in the street, which, as I recall it, was miles long. All the wagons were canvas-backed, crammed to the ash-bows that supported the covers; and they were so close together that the wagon-tongues ran each under the wagon preceding it. Many of them had sheet-iron campstoves lashed on behind and also had water-pails and tar-buckets dangling beneath. This long stream of wagons never stopped day or night, and a

number of steamboats were used as ferries to help them get across.

After we were safely across and about four miles from the river, we organized a company of one hundred—all from Pike County. This company included four families—the Butlers, Ingalls, Hetticks and Haydens. The Fryes —no relation to Sam—joined us at Fort Hall. We elected a Mr. Densmore as captain, and we elected two lieutenants. We did not drill, but we detailed men for guard duty, and so forth.

Each of the twenty-five wagons which constituted our train was numbered, and the lead wagon on one day would fall to the rear on the next until each wagon led. This was the order during the entire trip.

When we made our camp, we stretched our tent out and put the poles in; then two boys raised it and the other two drove the pegs. I never heard that any of us were troubled with sleeplessness!

Besides the flour and hard bread (this last we mostly threw away) I think we must have had four hundred pounds of bacon for the four of us, one hundred and twenty pounds of sugar, and a bag of coffee. We also had rice,

and a bushel of beans, a sack of parched corn-meal, and a medicine-chest which contained quinine, calomel, and a few other remedies, including Lee's and Brandes' pills. Besides this food and medicine we had four picks, two shovels, four gold pans, and two axes. The picks and shovels, of course, we were expecting to use in digging for gold in California.

For the camp outfit we had a good big skillet with a lid, a four-gallon iron pot, two frying pans, a plate apiece, and tin cups for our coffee. Each of us had a butcher-knife, which he always carried in his belt. I don't believe there was a fork in our mess, for we were too romantic to use them. We had read Indian stories, and we wanted to live like frontiersmen or hunters.

We also had blankets, but we did not have any sheets or pillowcases, or any soft pillows! We had, however, a big buffalo robe.

I had three suits of what was then known as "satinette," which was half wool and half cotton—thick suits they were. I also had two pairs of boots and one pair of shoes; and then there were shirts, underclothing, and stockings.

We four boys found our skillets and frying pans really more suitable for such an expedi-

tion than the sheet-iron stoves which other parties had. Whichever was used, stoves or camp-fires, we found plenty of wood in creek bottoms and river bottoms, until we got to the Platte River; after that we found plenty of buffalo chips until we got to timber again.

But cooking always was a hard job. Beans, I remember, were hard to get sufficiently cooked, especially when we got to the mountains, for we knew nothing, until we learned by experience, of the difficulty of raising the boiling water to a high enough temperature to cook beans in the high altitudes.

I can see that long-drawn-out train now. Every wagon was drawn by four yoke of oxen,—at least, I remember none drawn by more than four yoke, and but few, if any, by less. We drove our oxen as easily as we could, for it would have been difficult to replace any ox if it had died or been sick; and the soft ground of the prairie made it slow going, at best.

We set a watch every night, and while the cattle were feeding; and once a week I was on night shift with two others. We would walk around the cattle, and at twelve or perhaps a little later, we would call the other guard.

For each ox we had a rope and a picket pin. Every night, after the cattle had grazed until they were satisfied, we drove them into camp, and drove the picket pin in the ground with a sledge, so that the oxen could not break away. When the first daylight appeared the cattle were turned out again, and they grazed until about seven; then they were driven in and yoked up for the day's march.

When we made camp, we always placed our wagons in a circle, inside of which the tents were pitched, but our cattle, of course, were picketed outside. Putting the tents inside the barricade discouraged thieves, if any such might be hovering around, either Indians or prowling renegades from other parties; and this precaution was necessary, as well, if we were attacked by Indians. When it looked like rain at night, we dug trenches around our tents, and, if it did rain, the water ran off and did us no damage.

When we got well out on the plains the cattle were inclined to become frightened, from some unknown or slight cause and to stampede. Then they would break through the circle of wagons and smash everything in sight. We were camped one night across Nemaha Creek

from a large company from Ohio; their cattle stampeded and smashed two or three wagons and hurt a couple of men. It took a long time to get the cattle together.

CHAPTER VI

Across the Plains

A trip across the plains was a good opportunity for a man to develop any ugly traits he might have. If there was a yellow streak in him it would surely appear. Some messes would divide up, quarrel, and each man go in with other groups more congenial. One of our most prominent men at home, a good Christian man, fell from grace and said the plains were no place for a Christian. He said that he should abandon his religion until he got back to God's country. And, strange to say, he did.

Our mess never quarreled. I was the youngest and Cousin Abner was the oldest—about twenty-three. They used to call me the "infant," and we called Abner the "old man." When Father left us at St. Jo he told us boys: "Now, boys, you must obey Abner and do as he says. He is the oldest and has had more

experience than any of you with taming and handling a team and looking after things generally."

Abner was an even-tempered, mild-mannered young man. I never saw him angry on the trip, and we always looked up to him. We never had a cross word from Abner—it was always, "Come, boys." In any difficult driving Abner always took the whip.

Abner was left an orphan, when his father, my uncle, John McWilliams, with his brother David, went to New Orleans with the flatboats, just after John's marriage; and of course he never knew anything of his father. When he was about twenty-one Father happened to go back to Ohio and, picking him up, brought him to Illinois. He had been hired out as a teamster and farm-hand when he was large enough to work. He had driven a five-horse team from Wheeling, Virginia, on the national pike to Baltimore and back when he was about twenty years old.

I had to drive the oxen every other afternoon—half a day—but at other times I would walk, sometimes going 'way off the trail, or road, to see some new thing that had attracted my attention,—some such thing, for instance,

as a prairie dog village. These "dogs" had peculiar habits. Their little hillocks stood in regular order, with streets! It seemed incredible. The dogs would sit up still and motionless when approached but would fall back into their holes if shot, as they never went far from home. Some people have written about seeing rattlesnakes in a prairie-dog village, but I never did.

At noon we would stop, probably for half an hour, and have some crackers or bread—just a simple lunch. But we always had coffee. We made two gallons of coffee when we got breakfast; and what we didn't drink then, we had cold for lunch.

After leaving the Missouri River we went north-westerly, crossing the Nemaha River, which had very steep banks, and then we came to and crossed the Big Blue River where the town of Marysville now stands. After crossing this river we proceeded to the Little Blue, and thus got to the Grand Island in the Platte River. Here the Government had a station and fort,—Fort Kearney. We found one or two companies of United States troops stationed there, as the Indians made this place a rendezvous for trading, and the Government

also paid the annuities here due the tribes adjacent to the Fort.

All the forts we passed, Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, Fort Bridger, and Fort Hall, were about the same in size, appearance, general routine and frontier life. There was no war on at the time we crossed the plains; the Indians were peaceable. Quite a number of white men had squaw wives, and these squaws proudly exhibited their offspring as being half-white.

At Fort Kearney the valley of the Platte stretched out, level as a floor. The river was as muddy as the Missouri we had left behind us.

Two trails united here, one from Omaha, and the other the St. Jo road; and all up and down the river we could see trains of wagons encamped. Looking south or east we could see other long trains following ours.

We followed the Platte River up to its forks and crossed the South Fork at Ash Hollow, so called because the deep ravine was covered with stunted ash trees. Then we went up the North Platte until we struck the Sweetwater.

Before this we had passed O'Fallon's Bluffs, Court House Rocks, which seemed only about

two miles away although they were probably ten or twelve miles off, Scott's Bluffs, and Chimney Rock. These queer formations were all strange sights to us boys from Pike County.

At Chimney Rock I made one of my side trips. This Rock was square, and loomed up, it was said, fully two hundred and fifty feet from the level of the river. It was very strange in appearance, and fascinated me. Although we afterward found that it was several miles away from our trail, some of us boys took advantage of a day's halt and left camp to go to this wonderful formation and explore it, for it was a noted landmark for all emigrants.

When we started it seemed only a few miles away; but we traveled until noon, and then it seemed no nearer than it did when we left camp. So we became discouraged and turned towards the trail. When we got back we were a tired crowd of boys. We must have traveled all of ten miles and back.

When we got to the Wind River Mountains I had my first sight of snow in the summer time, but we did not get near enough to it to do us any good.

Much of the way the grass was short, and we had to make short drives as the cattle had

to graze; but we found good roads until we reached Fort Hall in August. We men walked almost all the way unless we were sick. Only one death occurred—that of a man of about sixty. Although the cholera was right behind us it never caught us, for our aim was to move our camp every day, and we did it most of the time.

On the Sweetwater River we saw wolves, antelope, and buffalo; but I can remember having buffalo meat but once. It tasted like beef. There were so many emigrants that year crossing the plains (about twenty-five thousand) that the game was scared away. I well recall that when we were following the Platte River we could see a string of wagons twenty miles long, and of course the buffalo steered clear of us.

We had no trouble with Indians, although we saw many of them. I remember one time when I was in one of the Sioux lodges on the Platte. The Sioux had a big camp there at that time. A squaw was making ready for dinner, and she took a pup—a young one—and strangled it right before me. Then she threw it on the fire and singed it, scraped it, and cut it up. Then she put it in the pot to cook, I looking on at it all. I did not stop for dinner!

CHAPTER VII

Across the Mountains

We reached the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains on the Fourth of July. We had expected to find a gap in them; but, instead, it was hard to tell when the Pass was reached, or when we were on the summit of the Rockies, for the ascent had been so gradual, over a rolling prairie. The mountains were ten or fifteen miles away on each side. We found the days hot, but the nights were always cold.

Right after we crossed South Pass we came to Pacific Springs, the source of a stream that divided, one-half flowing finally into the Pacific, and the other eventually flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. We stayed at Pacific Springs for the Fourth and celebrated.

Then we crossed the Big and Little Sandy Rivers and camped on Big Sandy that night. The next day, at about four in the afternoon, we started for Green River—a long drive of forty miles without water. On this march we

walked all night and got to Green River about three or four the next afternoon.

Here we made a ferry-boat out of cottonwood logs, fastening them together with stringers. We sharpened the up-stream ends so they would not catch so much water; and, as we had plenty of rope long enough to reach across the river, we were enabled to take the ferry back and forth. But it was hard and slow work. We swam the cattle.

When we got into the mountains between Green and Bear Rivers we found a big emigrant train from Missouri. This was known as Hudspeth's train, and it had about one hundred and fifty wagons. They were overstocked, and they piled out bacon, flour, beans and tools, stacking them up along the side of the road. They left them there, and that night we sorted over our bacon and selected the choicest of theirs; for what they had thrown away was much better than ours.

Many of the emigrants made mistakes about what to bring. But as I think back over those days it seems to me their greatest error was in having too heavy wagons for their teams. A company from Pittsburgh had purchased army wagons at St. Joseph and bought

little mules to haul them. Why, six mules could hardly haul one of these wagons empty, much less loaded, as every wagon was that crossed the plains. Such parties as this from Pittsburgh had to abandon most of their stuff and press on as best they could.

During the trip we were always noticing that the Indians picked up some of the words which they heard the emigrant teamsters most frequently use. For instance, the Indians called the oxen "whoa haws." Then they would turn to the wagons and call them the "God damns."

A Mr. Delano, who crossed the plains at about the same time that I did, tells a story of the Indians' application of the strange words they were learning while this same Hudspeth's company crossed the mountains from Bear River.

It seems that the Indians had moved back from the trail as the emigrants grew more numerous; but on Hudspeth's approach, they met him, and in the most cordial manner greeted him with "How de do—whoa haw, God damn you!"

Needless to say, they meant no irreverence, nor did they intend to pick a quarrel. They

simply were trying to speak the white man's language.

On another occasion a party of emigrants were inquiring for good camping grounds and were assured by the Indians that there was "plenty of grass for the whoa haws, but no water for the God damns"!

After we got the Hudspeths' bacon, we went on to Soda Springs, in what is now Idaho, at the northernmost bend of Bear River. The hills were covered with fir and cedar, and where springs had dried up they had left huge piles of red and brown deposit. There were two native springs there: Soda and Steamboat. The last gushed intermittently, and both furnished an abundance of soda water.

We stayed here for a day, although the mosquitoes were dreadful. We could not go into the shade at all in the daytime without being run out by them.

We arrived at Fort Hall, which was smaller than Kearney or Laramie, in August; and Captain Grant, a British officer in command of a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, seemed very much opposed to seeing Americans going into Oregon, and told us it was impossible to get through. But Marcus Whit-

man had gone through in 1836, demonstrating that it could be done with wagons, and we also had friends who had done it. Besides, we had a good guide book, telling us where to get water, where there were good camping grounds, grass, etc., and we concluded to push on.

Port Neuff River we found to be a beautiful, clear stream, and when we got to Snake River we followed it down to the Columbia, on the south side, passing American, or Shoshone Falls.

When we came to Goose Creek, which emptied into Snake River, our train split. Of the twenty-five wagons which left St. Jo together, sixteen decided to strike off to go direct to California. Nine, including ours, concluded to go on into Oregon, stay there during the winter, and go to California the next spring.

Our division followed Snake River until we got to Burnt River, which we followed to its source. This Burnt River had rich gold mines in it, and we, not knowing of the gold, drove right over them. Baker City is now the center of these mines where millions of dollars in gold have been taken out.

From Burnt River we went to Powder River

and then to Grande Ronde Valley, one of the most beautiful valleys in America. Clover and grass grew knee-high; nice clear streams came down from the mountains; and, a mile or so up the surrounding mountains, yellow pine timber covered them completely. We thought it the most beautiful and productive land we had seen on the whole trip.

When we struck this valley I was driving a lame ox, some distance behind the train. I was overtaken by four or five Indians, well equipped with fine ponies.

The leader accosted me: "Howdy; howdy!" and appeared to be very friendly. He motioned me to get up and ride behind him and said that he would drive the ox. When we got to camp he wanted us to write a certificate to say that he had treated us well.

This Indian proved to be Chief Alikot, of the Cayuse Nation. He was afterward tried and hanged for his participation in the murder of Whitman and Rogers, the missionaries.

Alikot took quite a fancy to me; he would cross his fingers and say: "Sitkum Siwack"—half-Indian,—as I had long black hair, no beard, and was sunburned until I was as dark as any Indian. After we were in camp

he made motions that if I would go to his camp and marry his daughter he would give me one hundred horses. I had to decline his liberal offer, but I never heard the last of it, in the train. The boys thought it a good joke on me.

So we proceeded; over the Blue Mountains, past Le Grande and Umatille, where we saw from the summit thousands of horses grazing—we estimated as many as fifteen thousand, spotted and in every variety of color, belonging to the Indians—and passed John Dey River.

From there we went on to the Dalles of the Columbia and struck the Barlow Trail around Mt. Hood. There we found dense forest, so dense we could not see the sun—fir and cedar and Douglas pine. Some of these trees were three hundred feet high.

We went across the Cascade Mountains by the Barlow trail and struck the settlement in the Willamette Valley. Our first stop was at Foster's, on the Clackamas, about twelve or fourteen miles from Oregon City.

We had expected, when we got there, to find that whole country "flowing with milk and honey." Instead of that we landed in a strawberry prairie, a big valley with hundreds of acres of dead strawberry leaves. Of course,

none of the strawberries were in evidence at that time of year. In fact, there was hardly any grass for our cattle; and as for fresh food for us, the only thing that was offered was salt beef, as the settlers were short themselves. But we were not hankering for salt beef.

From there we went to Oregon City, which was then, I fancy, a town of about two or three hundred people. We stayed two days, and were told we should have to go forty or fifty miles up the Willamette Valley before we could get good grazing for our cattle.

We had seen and eaten salmon on the Snake River, but here at Oregon City we saw them jumping out of the river, trying to get up the Falls of the Willamette. They would jump clear out of the water into the air in their vain endeavor. It was very seldom they succeeded.

We crossed the Willamette River on Saturday and went up its west side to Twalitan Plains. On Sunday, about ten or twelve o'clock, we passed the Methodist mission that was located there. That was the first mission that we had come across, although when we were further East we heard the Indians speak of Father DeSmet, whom they thought more than human, on account of his devotion and his

very comely appearance. They called him "White Robe."

These Twalitan missionaries had the appearance of having plenty. Their house was painted white, and the men, sitting at their ease on the porch, had clean white shirts. We stopped our teams and went over to the men and told them that we had just come across the plains and that we were out of provisions. I told them that we had money to buy with, and if they had anything to sell we would like to buy.

One of those missionaries got up and said, "We never sell anything on the Sabbath day." And he gave me a talk for traveling on the Sabbath. How I would love to contribute to such men's support!

That night we struck what was known as French Prairie, where there was a little log church with a big wooden cross on it. We went into camp about three or four hundred yards from this church; and, while we were making our camp and getting our supper (we didn't have anything but bread and coffee —no meat), a priest came down to call. He said pleasantly, "I judge you have come across the plains." He inquired about the trip, asked

how we had fared, and how we got along. He was very sociable and pleasant. He added, "I want to give you a little advice. You must remember that prices here are many times what they are where you came from. Now, if you have medicine, it is probably worth ten times what you paid for it."

We said we could not offer him anything to eat as we did not have much; and he replied that he had very little but would gladly divide with us what he had. He went back to the church and sent a little Indian boy with about a peck of potatoes.

Now, which man was the Christian?

One of the Catholic missionaries in that country said that Marcus Whitman lost his life by losing his temper. The Indians are natural thieves, and Whitman was a thrifty, industrious man. He had a fine farm, and planted and cultivated all the vegetables and fruits that could be grown in eastern Oregon: melons, pumpkins, potatoes, corn, and so forth. But the Indians would steal them. Whitman one day lost his temper and told them that they were "cultus siwash" (no good). He told them plainly that they were thieves, and thus he angered the Indians who killed him.

CHAPTER VIII

First Days in the Mines

From French Prairie we went up the west side of the river to Cincinnati Landing, in Polk County. This was our objective point in Oregon, for we wanted to see some friends who had emigrated from Pike County three years before. These were J. B. V. Holmes, the McNarys, Coffeys, and others. Holmes had been a farmer in Pike County and had gone to Oregon in '46. He had quite a family of children and was elected representative to the Legislature the second year he was in Oregon. He was a well-to-do man and educated, and I hear that his sons have all turned out well, one or two of them having been professors in colleges.

When we got to the Landing (I doubt if that settlement is still in existence) we stopped with the Holmes. Their place was about seven miles from Salem. Cousin Abner and another man concluded that they would stay in Oregon

and go to work in a sawmill, at five dollars a day. But Sam Frye and I were too young to work in the mill, as it was heavy work; so we concluded to keep on toward California and stayed at Holmes' only about a week.

In coming through the Cayuse country in the Blue Mountains I had traded two dragoon pistols for two ponies. One of them had "glass" eyes and was spotted. I afterward traded her for a California mare which I rode into California. She was stolen from me later or she strayed. She was one of the best animals I ever backed—sure-footed as a cat. Sam got another pony. So at Mr. Holmes' we went to work to make our pack saddles and got up our packs. We had enough sugar and coffee to last, and flour was plentiful, as there were flour mills in Oregon and plenty of wheat. But bacon was scarce. In fact it had been always so scarce that before we had got as far as Oregon we ate it raw to save it.

We had quite a time learning how to pack our animals, as it was our first experience. Quite a number of times our belongings were scattered over the prairie by the ponies making a stampede.

We left our oxen, trading them in, and

started out alone, we two boys; we traveled a week before we got to the Umpqua Valley, where, as luck would have it, we fell in with a party of men also going to California. Two or three of them had been there before, mining. It was fortunate for us that we could join this party, because the Indians were not friendly, and we probably would have been attacked and never heard of again. The Indians never showed themselves to our party; but at night they would have their signal fires in the mountains to let us know that they saw us. We could see plenty of game, deer, etc., but we all had to keep close together and could not scatter to hunt. We were quite relieved when we got over the Siskiyou Mountains by an old Indian trail. This trail had been used for many years by the early Oregon emigrants to drive stock from California.

When we got to Soda Springs, California, we stopped there two days and drank the water, and rested. Those springs are now known as the Upper and Lower Shasta Springs.

When we got to the mining district known as Old Shasta, opposite to what is now Redding, it was October, and still very warm.

Everything was parched. There was no vegetation, and the country appeared to be utterly devoid of anything but timber, with no grass whatever. But there was a small spring there, and as there was no other water within three or four miles, everybody camped around that spring.

We had shovels and picks with us, which we had brought across the plains. But we didn't just know how to set to work, and we were pretty well down at the mouth, for the California gold diggings of which we had thought so much didn't look a bit as we thought they would. In my imagination I thought I was going to dig gold out by the bucket-full.

When we got to Old Shasta, the miners, of whom there were three or four hundred in that district, were working in the dry gulches, mostly with picks, shovels, butcher knives, and spoons. One day, when I started out to see what I could discover, I came across a miner working in one of the gulches, and asked him if he was making anything. He said "Oh, just making grub." He would not give me any satisfaction at all. None of them would.

One day I got about four dollars' worth of gold, but in a few days the rainy season set in

and the older miners then commenced washing the dirt in the gulches. They all had rockers at that time. It was before the day of sluices and "long toms," although they came in shortly.

A description of what a "long tom" was may be interesting. It was a box, probably two feet wide and possibly eight or ten feet long, with a riddle at one end. The riddle was of iron with holes punched through so as to catch the coarse stuff and let the gold and fine stuff drop down into what was known as the riffle box, which had cleats that would hold the gold.

One day in going up a gulch I found Mr. James M. Rowell, originally from New Hampshire. I had worked for him, and gone to school to him at home in Griggsville. I was greatly pleased to find him. He was very cordial to me. He was working with a very crude rocker, made of a log hollowed out, and a riddle made of slats to hold the coarse dirt. He was rocking his cradle with one hand and dipping up water from the gulch with a long-handled dipper in the other—about as crude a machine as I ever saw in the mines.

I told him what we boys wanted and asked

if he could help us get started. He stopped his rocker, and we went down the gulch some two or three hundred feet. Then he said, "Now, boys, I think if you start here you'll find some gold." And he showed us how to set our rocker and to work it.

There were three boys of us, for Sam Frye and I had picked up John McCracken after we got to California. He was a very nice, clean boy, from Ohio, about twenty or twenty-two years old. The first day we got to work we took out about one hundred dollars—the biggest day's work we made that winter. We had been scratching around a little before and had gotten used to finding gold; but this day's work made us feel as though the days were not long enough.

I don't suppose that there were any happier people in California that night than we three boys. We made camp by a great pine log that was fallen—it must have been five feet through. We made a kind of temporary shed and built a fire outside, then lay with our heads under the log as far as they would go, and our feet toward the fire.

We stayed by the gulch the greater part of the winter, building a coarse cabin near where

we had first camped. Sometimes we made ten dollars a day, sometimes more, for we could work but part of the time on account of the rain and snow. Sometimes we would have as much as fifteen inches of snow in one night, and it would go off the next day.

Provisions got to be very scarce and very high before the winter was over, but Sam was a good shot and hunter, deer was plentiful, and we had venison all winter. One man had a corner on the flour, and he made us pay $2.50 a pound for it. We could get sugar for a dollar a pound, and rice was the same price. We bought a good deal of rice, and we had it so much that we declared that if we ever got any place where there was something beside rice, we would never eat it again.

CHAPTER IX

Mining Experiences

Our camp that winter was near that of an old mountaineer, by the name of Billy McGee, who had come out to Oregon in an early day. He and a man named Weaver had been over on Trinity River in the fall of '49, and made some money. But Weaver was taken sick; and, on the way out, they had to camp on Weaver Creek until he got better. While they were waiting, McGee took his pan and shovel and prospected in some of the gulches. He found one that he thought was very rich, because he could get one dollar for every pan of dirt.

When they got to Shasta, Weaver went down the valley toward Sacramento, and we never heard of him again. McGee was sick nearly all winter. We boys were kind to him and helped him when we could; he told us about those gulches and wanted us to go there

with him in the spring, to see what we could get out of them.

We stayed in Red Gulch all winter, waiting for the water to go down so we could get into the bed of Olney Creek, which was below the mouth of Red Gulch where we had first washed. We knew that there were rich spots there.

McGee had made his arrangements to start early in the spring for the gulches he knew about, and Sam and I were to go with him. But my horses strayed during the winter and I could not find them, so I could not start when Sam and McGee did.

When they left I went to Mr. Rowell's cabin and lived with him until I could find my horses.

It finally became unsafe to stay in the gulch any longer. We were six miles from any other camp. The Indians were stealing, the other miners had gone, and so had John McCracken, whom I never saw afterward. That left Mr. Rowell and me alone. We had been waiting for the water to dry up so we could work out our claims on Olney Creek.

I never did find my horses. They must have been stolen. So I spent part of my money in

buying two ponies and fitting out to join Sam and McGee.

Then Mr. Rowell, who was taller even than I, concluded to go back to Oregon, where he had taken up a claim before coming to the mines. He was a typical Yankee, and always wore the Guernsey frock, even in California. He had been in Oregon three or four years and had taken part in the Cayuse war. Although I wrote to him two or three times after I got back to Illinois, I received no answer; accidentally I heard that he died in eastern Oregon at a good old age.

After Mr. Rowell left I fell in with a Dr. Cabannis, of Springfield, Illinois, and we shared a double cabin that had been vacated, on the edge of Old Shasta. One of the animals I had purchased got loose from where I had staked them out, and started down the valley. I missed her almost at once and followed her about ten miles. She was trailing her picket line. I had no hat on—nothing but shirt, pants and shoes; and when I finally caught the pony I threw the rope over her nose and started home. It was getting dusk. The trail wound around the base of Bald Mountain and I could see a number of Indians

on the mountain. I didn't stop to count them. They were coming towards the trail. I gave the pony the lariat and yelled. My yell must have been echoed as though there were many more. I was dreading that I might be filled with arrows before I got out of their reach, as the Indians had no guns at that time. I could say that I gave the end of the lariat to my pony the best I could. My hope was to get past the Indians before they struck the trail. I did it, but I know my hair must have stood straight up, I was so badly scared.

We could not get one of the ponies into the cabin, but we chained her to a log outside, and the Indian tracks were often seen in the dust near by. The Indians would hoot like owls to give signals.

Dr. Cabannis and I were together until I started for Canyon Creek. He then started for the States, and that was the last that I ever heard of him.

I might say here that in the whole time I was in California I was in the frontier camps. Our party would be all the company we had. There were no "dead falls" and, as far as I know, there never were any women on Olney Creek. However, there was one man and his

wife on Josephine Creek, in Oregon, where we went later, as I shall tell. The miners would come in ten miles just to see this woman and would pay her a dollar apiece for a little turnover of dried apple pie.

After we left, right where we boys had been working our first claim, one of a party, going along the gulch after a rain, kicked out a chunk of gold which weighed five hundred dollars; and we heard that a negro took out of our deserted claim on Olney Creek twelve hundred dollars in one day. That is miners' luck.

I found Sam and McGee in the gulch where McGee made the discovery. It was afterward known as Weaver Creek diggings. They had found the gulch as McGee had represented; and they, in three or four weeks, and before water failed them, had taken out about one thousand dollars each. Probably there was $100,000 taken out of that gulch.

It was the custom in those new diggings for us to carry our guns and set them near us as we worked for we did not know when we would be attacked.

By the time I got there water in the gulch had failed, and it was some distance to the creek. Some of the miners had dirt piled up,

waiting for the next winter's rain. We stayed there two or three weeks, then moved down to Trinity River at the mouth of Canyon Creek. At that time there were twelve in our party from Pike County,—Henry Taylor, George Wood, John Underwood, John Caldwell are some I remember.

One night we were camped on Trinity at what is known as the Point of Rocks, where a point of the mountains came close to the river, almost perpendicular. Henry Taylor, one of the oldest of the boys, was standing guard. He heard an owl hooting, and it kept hooting. When it began to get a little nearer daylight Henry thought he could see the owl; and when he got in a certain position and saw something moving, he fired. When it got daylight we went out and found an Indian shot through the head.

Then we concluded to prospect some more, as we were making not more than ten dollars a day apiece. We started up Canyon Creek to the Forks and then struck a divide between the two branches of the Creek. We were almost a day getting to the summit. We did not know where we were going, except that it was some place "over the mountains." When

we got to the summit the sky clouded over, and although it was the middle of June it commenced snowing on us, so that we had to go into camp. We could not tell which way to go, but went over on the north side of the mountain and, stopping just below snow-line, went into camp.

There we discovered a bed of leeks and cut aspen for our horses. They lived on the aspen boughs, and we had leeks three times a day for three days,—the only vegetable we had had for a long time.

As soon as the sun shone again we took our bearings and soon got down where there had been no snow or rain on the south side of what was afterward known as Salmon River.

Then we went down on the Salmon River, but the Indians were very troublesome. They stole from our camp, and George Wood, who had a valuable horse, lost it. Although he thought so much of the horse that when he went to sleep he would tie the lariat to his wrist, the Indians slipped up and cut the lariat and stole the animal.

We were the first party that ever mined on the South Fork of the Salmon River with any

moderate success. There were no very rich places.

One day I was going along up the stream and struck a little crevice that went down into the river. The crevice was full of gold. I got three hundred and sixty dollars out of it with a butcher knife, a spoon, and a pick. So we concluded that there must be millions of dollars in that stream. We went to work and wing-damned it, working sometimes in ice-water up to our waists. We worked two months, and when we got it turned there wasn't a particle of gold in the bottom of the stream, —it was worn perfectly smooth.

We were disgusted with that, and started for new mines, afterward known as Scotch River mines.

In moving from one camp to another, we used what were called "par fleches." They were two leather bags which we would fill with our stuff; then we probably would put a sack of flour on top of them, and lash them on the animal with what was called a "lash lariat." It was a great feat to pack properly so that the packs would hold.

We had a little encounter with the Indians, going over. We wounded one and got his

bows, arrows and gun. But the other Indians commenced firing on us. One or two had English muskets—Hudson Bay guns, they were called,—as dangerous behind as they were before.

Soon we were out of provisions and had to go back, over the Oregon Trail, to Shasta, where we had mined in '49 and '50. It was about two hundred miles. Eight of our party had saved a little money, and they started back home; but Sam and I went back into the gulches where we had worked the year before. When the boys left us, I sent home some "slugs" by one of them. Father had the rim of a pair of glasses made out of part of this gold, and my son John has the rest of it today.

CHAPTER X

Headed for Home

Cousin Abner, coming down from Oregon, found me at Old Shasta, in the fall of '50. He and Sam and I, with two men from Oregon, made camp on the old gulch. But there was no water at that time of year, and the diggings at Olney Creek were mostly worked out.

We went over on Cottonwood Creek, which heads up in the Coast Range and enters the Sacramento below Redding. Here we found one lump of gold that brought ninety-nine dollars,—just that one lump. It was about as big as the end of my thumb; but it filled our eyes! The place where we found it looked as though there had been an old Indian camp there, as there was comparatively loose dirt all around. I think the Indians must have either found and dropped the nugget or left it accidentally.

We found more or less gold, but there was

no rain that year until February. Where we camped was a comfortable place, game was plentiful, and we had an abundance of venison and occasionally bear. Bear meat, when fat, is very palatable and wholesome.

The Indians were very active that winter. They did not appear to want to kill us, but they wanted our provisions and animals.

We wasted a great deal of ammunition that winter in teaching the Indians that we were ready for them. We wanted them to think that, with our little six-shooters, all we had to do was to crook our fingers and they would get hurt. And we did not undeceive them.

We missed our horses while here, and a party of eight of us went out to hunt for them. We got on their trail, but the Indians discovered us and kept just out of gunshot for two days. They would not venture near enough so that we could get a sure shot at them. Abner had a large bore rifle that was the longest carrying gun in the party. He said he was going to try it on one of the Indians who kept making indecent gestures at us. Abner fired, the Indian ran, and we saw no more of his actions.

We were not afraid of the Indians if we

could muster five or six men. And we thought that if there were ten of us we could whip them all. In one Indian brush we killed three.

While I was mining that winter I sent in to Mr. Weber, the trader at Shasta, and asked if he could not send me a book to read. He sent me "Plutarch's Lives," leather-bound, and said if I liked it I should send him five dollars. Well, I turned it over, and there were the names of Solon, Theseus, Romulus, Lycurgus, and other names of which I knew nothing. Then, in turning over the pages, I saw something about the life of Timoleon. We had a little steamer of that name on the Illinois River. So I read about Timoleon, and it turned out to be interesting. From that I got to reading the whole book; but Timoleon's life was one of the most interesting.

This book was the only one I carried during my mining experiences. I have always been sorry that I did not bring it back with me, but I left it in camp.

We did a great deal of prospecting, as we were hunting for the rich spots, and were not satisfied with eight or ten dollars a day. We wanted something bigger than that. That winter we made a little money and found some

dry diggings; but there being no rain until 'way late, we could do nothing.

We had plenty of flour, bacon, coffee and sugar. Sam was a good shot and hunter so we had plenty of venison.

In February we went over to the Salmon River again. There was a dreadful snowstorm after we got over the divide, and we five were isolated probably a month. The snow must have been ten feet deep on the divide, for when I went out it was just as high as I was on a horse.

When the trail was opened, Sam got a letter saying that his father and brother were in California and were looking for him. He started for the Sacramento valley but happened to meet them on Trinity River. They were with a small party, and they all came over to us on Salmon River. The river got so high that we could do nothing after they got there, so we started on another expedition. We had heard that they had some new diggings on the Rogue River in southern Oregon, so we broke up camp and started for these new diggings.

In going over the divide, it snowed on us one night about two feet deep. Old Mr. Frye had a pine walking stick, and it was about the only

thing we could find to start a fire with that night. We shaved it fine and, with some matches, started a fire. The next morning the snow was uncomfortably deep on our blankets.

When we got to the Rogue River Valley, we heard that the Indians were bad, that they had captured trains; and in going down toward the valley after we had crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, we found where the Indians had attacked a train, burned the wagons and scattered the flour around over the ground.

It was nearly night when we passed this place. We went into camp and got our supper, and then we moved our camp into an open space where there was no timber within two or three hundred yards of us, left our fires burning, tied our horses' heads together, and lay down without a light. But the Indians did not show up. They were occupied somewhere else, and we got through safely to the Rogue River, where there was quite a camp at that time.

These new diggings were about thirty miles from what is now known as "Grant's Pass," in the Illinois Valley, on a river, which our party afterward named Illinois River. The Indians had been fighting one another and they had

had a battle a few days previously, so they did not attack the whites. These were the Rogue River Indians, or you might say the Klamath Indians, who afterwards murdered General Canby in the lava beds.

We camped on the Illinois River and prospected there for a day or two. We found a pretty good prospect on Josephine Creek. It was very spotty; it had some very rich places, but these were not extensive. I struck a little crevice and got nearly four hundred dollars in just one day, and below us a man struck a crevice that yielded about five thousand dollars in a week or two. We mined there until the fall of '51.

Mr. Frye, the old gentleman, was very anxious to get back to his family in Illinois. Late in the fall, he took what he had made and what Sam had made and some that I had made, and started for home.

We worked on the Josephine Creek, where the woman made the dried apple turnovers, until late in the fall; and from there we went prospecting on the Klamath River. We went up Applegate Creek to its head and then struck over to the Klamath and went into camp on Ingram Creek, at what is now known as "Happy Camp."

The diggings were very irregular there. We made some money but did a great deal of work.

In the spring we started back to Josephine Creek. At that time there was a camp of sailors there; they had discovered some mines, and they slipped away from our camp one night. We knew that they had found something and that there was something up, so we got on their trail and found them by night. They were camped on what is now known as "Sailors' Diggins'," near Waldo.

We were quite successful there, but it was a dry gulch. We made from twenty-five and thirty to forty dollars apiece a day for a little while. The water failed us, and we worked for about a month throwing up dry dirt.

We found some good paying bars on the Illinois River, but they were very small. We were working there when my cousin Abner got a letter from his mother saying she wanted him to come home, and he persuaded me to go with him. So we started in December, 1852. It was the most fortunate thing in the world that I did go with him, as probably I would have died there prospecting.

We left Sam in camp on the Illinois River. We had what we called a "hunting camp" in

the valley, and when we left there were seven or eight deer hanging in the camp and one grizzly bear. Fat bear meat was very good, and the oil was far superior to lard or any other shortening. Many of us could drink this oil; it was very palatable to those who liked fats.

Sam prospected and mined for nearly fifty years in that country. The last letter I got from him said that he wished I would come out and go prospecting with him. One time he said that he had gotten so that he could not work any more and he wanted some medicine and was out of money. I sent him fifty dollars. The letter came back unopened, marked "dead." Sam had gone to Silver City for medicine and had died and been buried there. He never married. He was a convivial, whole-souled fellow. He was noted as an honest, truthful man. His money went as freely as water when he had it.

It took about two weeks for Abner and me to make the trip to Holmes', in the Willamette Valley, as it rained nearly every day.

Abner had his own horses, but I had a mule that Sam Frye wanted. He paid me two hundred dollars for that mule, and I was to leave

it at Holmes'. While we were visiting at Holmes', we saw some of the stock that we had brought across the plains.

From Portland we went to San Francisco by steamer. While we were there, waiting for our steamer to Panama, they had an execution of three men. They had their gallows on top of the highest point in San Francisco, but the authorities made them take it down and put it up out of sight of the city. I think the men were murderers. I saw the gallows but did not care to see a man hanged.

We took the steamer "Tennessee" for Panama and had a very pleasant trip, as the steamer was not crowded.

When we got to Panama, we found the tide there very high, so that the boats had to come out from the port to land us; that is, the boatmen from the city, not those of the ship. When we came near shore we could not get deep water, so each one of the boat-men had to take one of us and carry him on his back to shore.

Abner and I got our breakfast and chartered a mule thinking we would "ride and tie." Abner took the mule and our baggage and I started ahead. It rained terribly. It would rain for an hour and then the sun would come

out as hot as blazes and everything would smoke. The roads were wretched. We would find patches of the old paved road that was made probably two hundred years before, but a great deal of it ran where they had cut through the ridges, and the mules had worn holes in the bed-rock so that some of the ruts would be two feet deep and full of water, which would squirt up on us.

I did not see Abner until the next day.

The first night we stopped at a native hut, and for supper and breakfast we had some meat; we did not know what it was, but supposed it was monkey.

We then took a canoe down the Chagres River to the end of the Panama railroad, of which there was only about ten miles finished at that time.

When we got to Aspinwall, the port of entry, it was about as uncomfortable a looking place to live in as I ever saw. The town appeared to be built on piles and there was slimy water under the houses. You could not go any place except where they had made sidewalks.

At Aspinwall, we took the steamer "Philadelphia" for New Orleans. There was a large

party from California on board, and somebody asked me where I was from. When I told him that I lived in Pike County, Illinois, they all laughed; and I could not understand it. But somebody else told me that at the mines there were so many from Pike County, Missouri, and Pike County, Illinois, that it got to be a by-word: "All the way from Pike."

I knew the song. A man in the mines used to keep humming or singing it all the time. He sang it through his nose!

JOE BOWERS

My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike;
I came from ol' Missouri—
Came all th' way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left thar,
An' why I come to roam;
An' leave my poor ol' Mammy,
So far away from home.

I uster court a gal thar,
Her name was Sally Black;
I ast her if she'd marry me,
She said it was a "whack."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
Before we hitch fer life,
You oughter have a little home,
To keep your little wife!"

"Oh, Sally, dearest Sally!
Oh, Sally, fer your sake,
I'll go to Californy,
An' try to raise a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
You are the man to win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain"—
An' she threw a dozen in!

When I got to this country,
I hadn't nary "red";
I had some wolfish feelin's—
I wisht myself 'most dead.
But the thoughts of my dear Sally,
Soon made them feelin's git;
An' whispered hopes to Bowers—
I wisht I had 'em yit!

At length I went to minin',
Put in my biggest licks;
Went down upon the boulders,
Jes' like a thousand bricks.
I worked both late and early,
In rain, in sun, in snow;
I was workin' fer my Sally,
'T was all the same to Joe!

There was another verse about receiving a letter telling that "Sally" had married a red-headed butcher and had a red-headed baby; but I don't remember just how the rhyme went.

When we got to New Orleans, Abner and I

separated. We took our gold to the mint and got coin for it; and he then took an Ohio River boat and I took a St. Louis boat, the "Cataract." This was a packet of the Illinois River which ran in the New Orleans trade during the winter.

We had a nice trip. One day the steward came to me and said, "Isn't your name McWilliams?" "Yes," I replied. "I thought so," said he. "I know your family, and I knew you by your family resemblance."

I suppose that I carried home the average sum of the average Forty-niner. Although one man on our steamer had twenty thousand dollars in gold in a belt around his waist, it was only the few who made the big stakes.

CHAPTER XI

Happy Days

I got to Griggsville Landing about nine in the morning, the very last of January. Father's lumber yard was down by this landing, and as I started for home I met him, on horseback. He did not know I was coming—and I had been gone nearly four years.

I found everything very much changed. The younger children had grown, and the farming had changed entirely. While I was gone the cornplanter was invented, and the double cultivator had been brought into use, as well as a threshing machine that separated the chaff from the wheat. They called them separators.

Another innovation to me was the sending of valentines on St. Valentine's Day. That was something new to me. I received quite a number. Some were comical, some sentimental. I was greatly puzzled and had to inquire all about the custom.

The first three years after I came home were, I believe, the happiest of my life, although I had been away from civilized society for so long a time that I felt that I did not know how to conduct myself. But the young men and women of Griggsville took me in and treated me so nicely, and bore with my crude manners so kindly, that I rubbed off a great many of the rough edges.

There were a number of us young people who called ourselves "Our Crowd." I remember Mary Ann Battles, Mary Tyler, Jane and Louise Weagley, whose father kept the hotel, Lucy Higgins, the two Shaw girls, Helen and Emily Smith, Lucy Jones, Fanny and Phoebe Moore, Lydia Carmer, Jennie Cree, Helen Wilmans, and a Miss Bird, who was teaching school in Griggsville, and who came from Missouri. Miss Bird was a bright and very entertaining woman. Her family had one solitary negro servant, and his name was "Forty." Miss Bird was always talking about her negroes—that her family had forty negroes.

Jennie Cree was about the first girl who took my arm when I saw her home. She was bright and vivacious. I was green and did not tell my love. She married a better man.

Helen Wilmans was an unusually brilliant woman. She was teaching school at that time. She married a Dr. Baker, came to California and had four children. After she came West, the life on a ranch was too strenuous—cooking and waiting on a lot of hired men without any help—so she took her children and went to San Francisco. There she got work on some newspaper. Afterward she came back to Chicago, still in newspaper work. She finally took up metaphysical study and went to Florida, where for a time she prospered; but she finally died a disappointed woman.

O. M. Hatch was the oldest of us "boys." He was a bachelor of about forty. George Tyler had been to California across the Plains, but he did not go in the same party that I did although he went at the same time. Some of the other boys were Robert C. Greer, I. N. Higgins, Henry Cotton, George Lombard, Jason Ryder, and Franklin and Addison Cadwell.

"Our Crowd" would meet often at "Pa" Weagley's, for the parlor of his hotel was always open for us. It was our meeting place, and we had games and singing. Some of the girls could sing, although I don't seem to re-

member whether we boys tried to, or not. There was an organ in the parlor, too, and that added to our pleasures.

I can remember that we had husking bees when I was a very little boy; but when I got back from California we had mostly parties and dances. My feet seemed so large that I felt clumsy, for the others had learned to dance while I was away. We danced cotillions, schottisches, and square dances, but mostly cotillions; and the only music we had at the dances was a fiddle.

Some time after I got home from California, I met Mary Dana, who came from Grand Detour, Illinois, to Griggsville, to teach music. Her uncle, Burton B. Carpenter, was the Baptist minister of our town, and she came to live with his family. But I met her before she went to her relatives. Our lumber yard was right near the hotel at Griggsville Landing, and I sometimes took my meals at the hotel and often stayed there all night. It happened that I was seated at the table in the dining room when she came in the next morning, after she had landed in the night.

She was an attractive little girl, and Mrs. Hutchinson, who kept the hotel and whom we

called "Aunt Rachel," set her down at the breakfast table opposite me. Then she introduced us.

"Miss ——— what shall I call you?" said Aunt Rachel.

"Miss Dana," was the reply.

"This is John McWilliams, one of our young men, Miss Dana. You may want to get acquainted with him."

We were both very much embarrassed and hardly knew how to commence a conversation. But from that on we knew one another. It ended in her marrying the first one she met of the Griggsville young men!

CHAPTER XII

Abolition Period

My father was a member of the Legislature from 1838 to 1840, with Abraham Lincoln. Father was a Jackson Democrat until 1844, when he voted for Clay, the Whigs' candidate, on account of the annexation of Texas. The Republican party was organized in Illinois in '56, and he voted the Republican ticket in that year.

I was raised with a prejudice against Abolitionists, as it was thought they were too radical—unnecessary agitators. There were two classes of anti-slavery men. One was rabid; the other had Lincoln with them, who would not interfere with slavery where it existed.

I was quite young, but I distinctly remember when a man came to Griggsville from Washington in '37 with a petition asking that slavery be done away with in the District of Columbia. He was asking for signers.

The County was about equally divided; or, rather, there were more pro-slavery men than anti-slavery. The pro-slavery men got hold of this man and took his petition away from him, and then went around the neighborhood making people take their names off.

One night they came to the home of the Reverend Mr. Norton, a Congregational minister, who, although small and delicate, was intellectual and unusually bright. They went into his bedroom, and, showing him the petition, said he must take his name off. He replied: "Gentlemen, you can kill me, but I will never take my name off that petition!"

They did not succeed in intimidating him and finally they went away without using violence. Perhaps they were afraid of a minister of the gospel.

O. M. Hatch, afterward our Secretary of State, and intimate with Lincoln, was a young man at that time, and he also had signed the petition. The pro-slavery men got after him, and ran him into the Baptist church, which was building and had a very high steeple. He went up in the steeple as far as he could and pulled the ladder after him so that they could not get him.

Among others who signed and refused to take their names off were the Wharton brothers. John M. Palmer, afterward Governor of Illinois, United States Senator, and General in the Army, says in his autobiography that if the petition had been presented to him he probably would have signed it. Palmer was peddling Seth Thomas clocks, which had just been introduced, through our County at that time, and he traveled with three wagons with white covers. He gives a description of the happenings of that time in his Memoirs.

We were living about nine miles from town while these things were going on. The settlers there were mostly from Pennsylvania and Ohio, and were Democrats, although not pro-slavery. Father got word one day that a mob had taken Griggsville, and he went to work and got about a dozen neighbors and they started with their guns; but when they got to the edge of town, everything was quiet—not a soul stirring. The mob had evidently gotten wind that men were coming who had no sympathy with their actions, and they got away.

It was about 1837 that Elijah Lovejoy started an anti-slavery free-soil paper in Alton, Illinois. The pro-slavery men came up from

St. Louis, wrecked his office and threw his press into the river. He got another press, and they came a second time and not only threw this press into the river but broke up his office and killed him. Today his monument stands in the public square of Alton.

This Elijah Lovejoy was a brother of Owen Lovejoy, one of the greatest anti-slavery speakers we had in Illinois. Pike County was on the border, and the Republicans were in the minority. During the canvass of '58, Owen Lovejoy was billed to speak at Pittsfield, our county seat, and the Republicans were afraid that such a noted abolitionist would lose more than he would make in votes. Everyone wanted to hear him, Democrats as well as Republicans; and there was an immense crowd in the court-house square which had trees all around, and benches.

When Lovejoy got up to speak he said: "My Republican friends, I want you to vacate all these seats in front, and I want my Democratic friends to come here. I want to talk to them."

So the Democrats gathered close in, and he made a great speech, and told them some incidents of the escapes of slaves. Then he told

the story of 'Liza, a negro girl who was trying to get away from slavery, and whom he had helped. He told it very sympathetically and well; and one old Democrat, Alex Taylor, was sitting right in front, with his mouth open, taking in every word. When Lovejoy concluded his story he looked down and pointed to Taylor, and asked: "Would not you have done the same thing if you had been there?" and the old man nodded, "Yes."

My own experience as a slave thief came to me in this way. Our lumber yard was four miles from town. After I got back from California, I was going home late one afternoon; and, in a lane about halfway home there was a little thicket of hazel bushes in a fence corner. A negro got out from there and came over the fence and said he wanted to give himself up. They had shot him in the back with fine shot, which did not seriously wound him, and he had escaped and managed to get so far—nearly forty miles from the Mississippi River. I told him to go into the bushes and I would have some help for him.

There was a family by the name of Shaw living opposite, and I knew they were anti-slavery. I went over to the house and found

Mrs. Shaw alone. I told her about the negro, and she went over immediately and assured him that he was in safe hands. She had to be very cautious about it because it was a public highway and people were constantly passing. Her son-in-law, Mr. Lyons, and her son, that night hitched up their double carriage and took the negro down to our lumber yard, then went up and crossed the river at the ferry, about half a mile above, coming down opposite the lumber yard to get him. That was the last I saw of him, although I heard that he got safely to Jacksonville; but the men who aided the negro said nothing.

That was the extent of my negro stealing. It was strange that respectable men would watch for runaway negroes, trying to catch them just for the reward, which was one hundred dollars for each person. I know some of the descendants of these white men who would probably be ashamed if they were aware that their parents had been engaged in such questionable business.

I cast my first presidential vote in '56, for Fillmore and Donaldson of the American Party. I voted against Fremont, the first Republican nominee, because I had heard so

much of him while in California. He was prominent there, but not popular.

The first Republican vote for President I ever cast was for Lincoln, in '60.

There was a good deal of political excitement from '58 until the election of Lincoln, and very bitter party feeling. The pro-slavery men were very aggressive, and when the debates between Douglas and Lincoln began, the Republicans were fearful that Lincoln could not hold his own.

These debates were held all over the state and are read the world over. There was no debate at Griggsville; but there was one, I remember, at Decatur; and I heard the one at Galesburg.

At Galesburg Douglas propounded seven questions, and Lincoln had one hour and a half in which to answer these questions. When he got up to speak he pulled off his long linen duster (all dusty, for they had to travel by wagon) and threw it back to John Siphers, a reporter, and said, "John, hold my coat while I stone Stephen." I remember he was a very plain looking man, but when he talked his face lighted up. He wore low shoes, and I could see his blue yarn socks.

But that didn't make any difference with him. He "stoned Stephen." Douglas' answer ruined his prospects, for the South turned right against him when he said they might exclude slavery by unfriendly legislation in the Territories.

There was no applause. The people wanted to hear.

When, at the opening of the first Republican Convention in Illinois, in '56, Mr. Lincoln was sent there from Springfield as a delegate and asked to make a speech, they said he appeared as if he were inspired. There were several reporters there, and they were so enthralled that they did not take a note. My brother was there, and he said that Lincoln just swept the convention off its feet. He wound up with the expression, "We are not going out of this Union, and they sha'n't."

Robert Hitt, from Lee County, was one of the reporters who followed Douglas and Lincoln around and took the debates. And John G. Nicholay compiled the debates and put them out in book form for a campaign document.

Mr. Nicholay was born in Germany; but his people had emigrated to this country and set-

tled in the lower part of Pike County, a very poor section of country. When John was fourteen he came up to Pittsfield and went to work in a printing office, where my brother was learning the trade. Z. N. Garber was the editor of the paper, the Pike County Free Press.

When I came back from California, John Nicholay was editor of the paper. He was a methodical, studious man, very quiet and unassuming. In '56, O. M. Hatch was nominated and elected as Secretary of State and he selected Nicholay as his assistant.

Lincoln was a personal friend of Hatch, and would often drop into the State House to have a talk with him. In this way Nicholay became intimate with Lincoln, an intimacy which lasted through life.

I visited Mr. Nicholay several times after Lincoln's assassination, and in one of our conversations I asked him what he knew of Mr. Lincoln's religious views. He said Lincoln never discussed religion in his presence.

"I never saw Mr. Lincoln on his knees but once," he said. "A Quaker lady came to the White House and talked with Lincoln and asked if she could pray with him. They went into the next room and Mr. Lincoln kneeled down by her side while she did the praying."

Then he told me of Lincoln's remark that if he could find a church with the simple creed of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, he would join it.

"Shakespeare and the Bible were always on Lincoln's table," said Nicholay. "And in all his writings and speeches he never mentions the name of Jesus Christ. It was the Almighty God always. Yet he quoted from the New Testament. He was truly as inspired a man as ever lived—and knew as much of the Almighty God!"

Mr. Nicholay had a foreign appointment after the assassination. When he came back he was appointed United States Marshal in Washington, where he lived on B Street. As he grew older he was delicate, and a daily walk to and from the Congressional Library was all he could manage.

I happened to be in Washington when he died. His daughter, Helen, asked me to ride with her to the grave. There were probably not more than fifty people at the funeral.

Perhaps it will be as well to speak here of the time I heard Robert G. Ingersoll deliver his oration on Abraham Lincoln. I thought it was the most eloquent address I had ever

heard. I can remember parts of it perfectly, and I agree with him in his affirmation that "Lincoln is the sweetest memory of the world."

Ingersoll was a splendid looking man, although rather bald, of perfect physique, and one of the most pleasant men I ever met. He and Henry Ward Beecher were warm friends. The last time I saw Ingersoll, he and Phil Sheridan were in the convention in Chicago that nominated James G. Blaine. They appeared to be very congenial. There was a magnetism about Ingersoll on account of his good nature, and people wanted to hear him. He could fill any auditorium they could find when he made his speeches. He had a ringing voice and a perfect command of language.

The first presidential convention I ever attended was in '60, when Lincoln was nominated. Before the convention a party of us from Griggsville started to Chicago, and as we had to go to Springfield to get the cars we stayed there over night and made the office of the Secretary of State (Hatch) our headquarters. The next morning we were in the office waiting for the train, and Mr. Lincoln came in. I had heard him speak in public, but this time I was introduced to him.

In the course of the conversation someone asked Mr. Lincoln if he was going to Chicago. He said, dragging his words out, "Oh, I don't know whether I'm prominent enough to stay away or not." He had a telegraph dispatch in his hand from "Uncle Jesse" (Du Bois), who was one of his intimate friends. He said that the telegram was "brief but very fervent"; and went on to tell a story about an old minister who lived in a place until he got so old he could not officiate. They employed a young man to do the work, but let the old man boss the job. One day they were having a funeral—a cold, stormy day. As they gathered around the grave, and the young man was about to officiate, the old man leaned over and said, "Young man, be brief, but very fervent!"

When we got to Chicago we took a room at the Briggs House, and there must have been twenty of us that slept on the floor.

There was an immense crowd at the Convention, and it seemed at first that Seward had the crowd with him and would be nominated on the first ballot. In fact, it was almost a foregone conclusion.

I went over in the lumber district on business and got back to the Wigwam, where the

Convention was held, just at twelve o'clock. They had taken the informal ballot and Seward led; that is, he had more than any other candidate.

I wormed myself through the crowd and got in so that I could see the platform and the delegates. I remember seeing Curtis, of New York, Judge Davis, and Judd,—in fact, I could see most of the prominent men there, including Horace Greeley. They were just ready to take the first formal ballot.

There was a stillness all over that convention, but when they commenced the second ballot, some of the States began to change their ballot from their State favorite to Lincoln, and it kept going that way. I don't remember which State it was, but think it was Ohio that gave the balance to Lincoln, and it appeared as if the roof of that convention hall would come off with the yells. They yelled for fifteen minutes. I remember seeing old Judge Davis, who weighed three hundred pounds, throwing up his hat and shouting.

As soon as that ballot was announced and Lincoln was declared the nominee of the convention, the Pennsylvania delegation, which was a very large one, and all in neat

business suits, started out. Each of them got a new broom and they marched up Lake Street waving their brooms, yelling, "New brooms sweep clean."

After the Convention we started home by way of Springfield. There we went by Lincoln's house, and he stood in the front door and shook hands with everyone who came up.

When we got home we commenced organizing what was called the "Wide-awakes," semi-military. We had a glazed cape and an oil-cloth cap and a torch attached to a broom handle. At that time we burned what was called coal oil. Kerosene was not known at that time. I think the coal oil was manufactured at Louisville, Kentucky, and we paid one dollar per gallon for it.

The excitement was very great, and there was always bitter feeling during any campaign; as soon as the election was over it would all subside and we would be friends again; but while the campaign lasted we would be ready to fight one another.

When it was finally decided that Lincoln was President, there was great rejoicing among the Republicans and great depression among the Democrats.

I was in the convention that nominated U. S. Grant in '68 and I have been to several conventions since, as a delegate. I happened to be in the convention that nominated William Jennings Bryan, but not as a delegate, then.

I heard his speech, where he crucified the poor man on the cross of gold. It seemed as if he carried the convention right off its feet. He was a magnetic speaker and as pleasant a man to meet as I ever saw. I knew his wife well when she was a girl. She was from Pike County and her name was Miss Baird.

CHAPTER XIII

Beginning of War: Experiences

I stayed in the lumber business with my father until Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, in 1861. I immediately volunteered.

Dr. John B. Baker was the first man to put his name to the roll in Griggsville. He was a Democrat, and after he signed up he called out: "Now, 'Wide-awakes,' come on!"

Baker was one of the Griggsville Company and was made hospital steward when we got to Cairo, as he had a medical education. Afterward he organized a cavalry company and served as Captain of it. After the war he was made Surgeon at the Reform School of Pontiac. We were close friends as long as he lived.

Our Company was organized and filled at Griggsville. I was made Captain, and we joined the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Regiment. When our Company was organized General Grant was acting as clerk in the Ad-

jutant General's office, and he mustered us in. After I was mustered out, at Cairo, on the completion of my three months' service, I happened in the principal bank one forenoon. While waiting I got in conversation with a strange gentleman. I found that he had been in Oregon, and then I addressed him in Chinook. When he went out I asked Mr. Spafford, the president of the bank, who the gentleman was. "Why," he said, "didn't you know? That was General Grant!" But I did not know, because he was not in uniform.

Colonel R. J. Oglesby, in after years, told me of his first interview with Grant. He said one day he was sitting in the office headquarters at Cairo, and a man in citizen's clothes came in and asked for paper, pen and ink. "I thought it pretty cheeky of him," said Oglesby, "to ask me, the Commander of the Post at that time, for these things; but I handed them over. Then he wrote an order:

" 'Headquarters of the U. S. A. at Cairo, Ill. Colonel Oglesby: You are hereby relieved of the command at Cairo, as I assume command.

(signed) U. S. GRANT.' "

Oglesby said he thought that he should fall

through the floor, as he had been kind of brusque. And he did his best to apologize.

We went to Springfield without uniforms or guns; but we had some muskets issued to us there, and we organized our regiment. We elected as Colonel, R. J. Oglesby, of Decatur, and Lieutenant-Colonel Post was from the same place, while Major Rhodes was from Pekin. Our camp was known as Camp Yates. It was on the old fair-grounds, and we slept in cattle- and horse-sheds.

When we got to Cairo, which was our objective point, there were no tents, and it was raining. We went everywhere for shelter. The St. Charles, a large hotel, was filled to overflowing, and we had to get along in sheds and at the depot. I took the responsibility and sent to N. Ludington & Co., of Chicago, for 100,000 feet of boards. It came within seventy-two hours, and we made very comfortable barracks.

We stayed at Cairo three months, drilling. I think I was not a success as a commander. Somehow I could not take kindly to drilling. I did not have the air or the assurance of a commanding officer. I always thought that my three months' service was a failure.

When I got through with my service I went back to Griggsville and stayed that winter with my wife and child. In the spring I went to Dwight, Illinois, where my brother was in business, and started to build a warehouse, and went into the grain trade. But there was another call for volunteers—300,000 this time. I helped to organize a company at Dwight and was a candidate for captain; but I was a stranger there and was defeated. I went in as a private in Company B, afterwards of the 129th Illinois.

We went into camp at Pontiac, on the old fair-ground across the river from town; and with four companies from Scott County, five from Livingston, and one from Rock Island, we formed a regiment, with Colonel G. P. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Case, and Major Cropsey, of Fairbury, for officers. We were there drilling till September, and then we were ordered to Louisville, Kentucky.

It was said that while we were in camp at Pontiac one couldn't hear a chicken crow within three miles of town!

We had quite a picnic on our way to Louisville, going down through Indiana. When we boys would see an apple orchard we would pull

a coupling. That would break the train, and then we would make a break for the orchard.

When we got to Louisville we made camp on the outskirts of town in an old brickyard where there were large sheds; and we were told to make ourselves comfortable, although there was not even straw for bedding. But we managed to stay there for a few days until Colonel Chapin of the 23d Michigan organized a brigade (I don't know what command, but it was the 38th Brigade).

Colonel Chapin could not find a subordinate commissioned officer who would accept the office of Commissary of Subsistence, as they had no idea of the duties of that office. One day Colonel Smith came to me in camp and said: "Mac, could you run the office of Commissary of Subsistence for a brigade?" I told him I could try if they would give me a copy of the Army regulations. He replied: "Wash up, and make yourself presentable; we'll go down to headquarters and see what Colonel Chapin thinks of you."

When we got to headquarters there was Colonel Chapin in a brilliant new uniform, while I had on a private's outfit. He looked at me scrutinizingly for a minute and then asked:

"Young man, do you think you can run the Commissary of this Brigade?"

"I think so, sir, with assistance, and a copy of the Army regulations."

He pondered a moment, then he turned to his adjutant. "Adjutant Montgomery," he said, "write out an order appointing John McWilliams Commissary of Subsistence of the 38th Brigade with the rank of Captain." He gave me a copy of the regulations and the order.

"You get your detail," he added, "and have your wagons loaded as early as possible. The Quartermaster will furnish transportation. We expect to march tomorrow morning."

I went to camp and selected Manning Smith and E. R. Stevens as my assistants, and we studied the regulations and figured out how much bacon, hard-tack and coffee we should need for the men in our Brigade. Then we went to headquarters and had it approved. From there we went to the Post and had it approved; and the next morning we were loading our wagons right behind the Galt House, in Louisville. When General Jeff C. Davis shot General Nelson in the hotel, I was right there behind the House. I did not hear the shot, but I knew about it five minutes afterward.

These two generals were talking of something, and in one of his remarks Davis said, "Well, there are about so many arms." Nelson, who was one of these passionate, overbearing men, replied, "We want things exact here. We do not want any 'abouts,' " and he slapped Davis in the face. Davis went right out and got a pistol and shot him. Nelson sent for a minister just as soon as he was shot and died in a few minutes.

Davis was not even tried for this. He was exonerated but was never the same man. It always preyed on him though he could not have done otherwise.

After this excitement we loaded up our wagons and started about two o'clock, although we did not know where we were going—just had orders to march. We had a terrible time getting together and setting out on the march. My staff and I started ahead, and the wagons and brigade did not catch up until about nine o'clock that night. We went into camp at Shelbyville, and I issued rations as the men got there. We had to get our water out of a goose pond because there were no springs anywhere, it being a very dry country.

My friend George Newton, of the 129th Il-

linois Volunteer Infantry, has written of his experiences on that first day's march, which I will here insert, as showing something of the life of a volunteer in '62.

"My regiment, the 129th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, landed in Louisville the latter part of September, 1862, just as Buell's army reached there, heading off Bragg, who had given him a race across the State for the possession of the city. We were marched to the outskirts of the city where we went into camp in the sheds of an old brickyard. We were told to make ourselves comfortable, no tents, straw or any bedding except our blankets. But as the weather was mild we suffered but little.

"We stayed there for ten days or two weeks, going through the same routine every day until the third of October, when we turned our feet and faces southward. The weather was hot, and the roads very dusty; water was scarce, the season having been unusually dry; but we found a few ponds of brackish water covered with a green slime which we brushed aside and quenched our thirst. Our Quartermaster, like ourselves, was green, and procured us no tents. I think it was a year before we were properly supplied.

"It was about two P. M. when the bugle sounded forward, and we began to press our steps upon the sacred soil of Kentucky. We were loaded to the guards with our heavy muskets, forty rounds of cartridges (not Mauser or Krag Jorgensen pills, but great big honest bullets that, if a man were hit, would tear such a hole in him that it would be hard to heal), haversacks, canteens, overcoats, knapsacks filled with most everything that loving wives, mothers and the 'girl I left behind me' could think of that would add to our comfort or pleasure, such as books, pictures, paper, envelopes, blacking and clothes' brushes, mirror, pins, needles and thread, underwear, etc., etc.

"As I have stated the day was hot, water scarce. This was our first march. I think it must have been the first of our Brigadier or of his horse, as it was not long before we had to double-quick to keep up. Remember, we were not dressed in khaki but had on good heavy woolen shirts, pants, socks and blouses, well adapted to zero weather, but not an October sun in Kentucky. We almost emptied our knapsacks. We threw away overcoat, cartridges, anything, to lighten our burden. In some instances we threw away our knapsacks,

too. I am sure that on that first day's march an army wagon would have been loaded with the debris that was scattered along the roadside."

From Shelbyville we pressed forward toward Frankfort, and the battle of Perryville was fought just ahead of us, although we were not in it.

We were on the battlefield a few days after the battle, and I walked over part of the ground. There were many corpses. Sometimes there would be a foot sticking out from where the men had been hastily buried and sometimes a hand, a grewsome sight.

Just before we got to Bowling Green we had a severe snowstorm, and our whole brigade was without tents, except the headquarters. Many of our men contracted pneumonia, and the death rate was very high, although the Government did all it possibly could with the means at hand and no precedent to go by.

At Bowling Green the brigade split up. The regiments were scattered along the railroad doing guard duty from Bowling Green to Nashville. Our regiment was stationed near the State line at Buck's Lodge, Mitchelville and Tunnel Hill on the line between Louis-

ville and Nashville. We were very poorly equipped and very poorly armed with old Belgian muskets which were about as dangerous behind as they were in front.

At that time our regimental Quartermaster got disgusted with the service and found that he was neither qualified nor adapted to the office of Quartermaster, and I was appointed in his place by Colonel Smith. The appointment was forwarded to Springfield, and I was commissioned right away. I had been signing my reports and requisitions as "Captain and C. S." (Commissary of Subsistence); and then the question was, how I could transfer my accounts from "C. S." to that of "Lieutenant R. Q. M., of the 129th Illinois."

I made up my accounts and turned over all the funds I had in my hands as a "C. S.", then sent my report to Washington, explaining that I had been appointed by Colonel Chapin as commissary of the 38th Brigade with the rank of Captain. I forwarded a copy of that order with my report and explained that now I had been commissioned R. Q. M. of the 129th Illinois, with rank as First Lieutenant. I never heard of my reports afterward, so they were accepted.

I never wore my straps on my shoulder, but carried them in my vest pocket with a little shoe of our baby's that I had picked up before leaving home. I carried that little shoe until both vest and shoe were worn out.

During the winter while my headquarters were at the South Tunnel, I did a good deal of foraging and scouting on the Tennessee and Kentucky State lines. We had to get corn and beef and cattle where we could find them; and I gave receipts to the citizens for all these things, explaining that they would be paid hereafter as the government might direct and upon their statement of loyalty.

From Buck's Lodge we went to Nashville. Our camp was known as Cemetery Hill. We stayed there until February.

During that month we were ordered to the front, and the second day out we had a severe rainstorm and the whole country was flooded. The most disagreeable night I spent in the army was trying to sleep on a brush pile to keep out of the water. My horse, Old Yellow, was stolen that night, but fortunately I had another one. Old Yellow was my favorite riding horse and I hated to lose him. On the march two months afterward I found him tied by the

side of the road, and I went to the Quartermaster of the command and told him that that was my horse and how he had been stolen from me. "Well," said he, "I have taken him up on my reports, and if you will furnish me another horse, I will let you have this one." So I did, and I rode Old Yellow from there to Washington, where I was mustered out of service.

The story of Old Yellow is interesting. While on the march, in Kentucky, we camped near a big plantation, and the proprietor came down to his front gate and said that the Confederates had left a lame horse in his barn a few days before, and if I would pay for the keep of him he would turn him over to me. I went up to the stable and looked the horse over. He looked sound of limb but was very lame as he had been ridden without shoes and had gotten tender feet. I paid the man two dollars and brought the horse down to camp and had some shoes tacked on, and he turned out to be the best horse there was in the regiment. When we camped at Tunnel Hill, forage was scarce, and my horse was hitched near a team of mules, and they chewed his tail off, so that he was disfigured. About two hundred of our regiment

had been mounted by capturing horses; and one day, while out scouting, one of our boys got a very fine horse on a plantation, and came in with him. He came to me and said, "Now, Cap, some officer will take this horse away from me, and I want to trade with you and take that horse of yours, with the deformed tail."

We went up to headquarters and got the Colonel's consent—and that was Old Yellow and how I got him,—the horse that I rode all through the rest of my army life, from the Spring of '63 to the Spring of '65.

That was the extent of my purchase of animals while in the army. I paid out two dollars for one horse, and traded him for Old Yellow, whom I sold in Washington when I was mustered out, for one hundred and fifty dollars.

That dreadful night of rain and discomfort, when my Old Yellow was stolen, was at Tulahoma. The next day it cleared off, the sun came out, and we went into camp and dried our clothes. An order came in to me to issue liquor. Probably two-thirds of the command did not care for it, and some of the others got a little too much and made it pretty noisy.

I recall no other special incidents until we went into camp in Warhatchie Valley.

CHAPTER XIV

Acquaintance with General Hooker

After I was made Commissary of Subsistence I was always called Captain, although the real title was Lieutenant. In looking back over my army experiences I am sure that I was a much better Quartermaster than I was a Captain, as I did not have that air of command that a man should have to be an officer. I was democratic; and when a man was my equal at home, I considered him my equal in the army even if he did have to carry a knapsack. The boys were all my friends. I did not have an enemy in the army all the time I served, although my Colonel never liked me. I wasn't in his class. He was educated as a Presbyterian minister, and turned lawyer. He was very fond of liquor. When he was sober, he was all right; but when he had two drinks he was about as disagreeable a man as could be.

In one of the battles he had his horse shot

under him and lost his sword. He came to me and said, "You do not need your sword. Let me have it." I loaned it to him, and never got it back.

I remember one time in Nashville that an order came from headquarters to issue two days' rations. The Colonel told me to issue three. Of course I had to obey my superior officer, the Brigade Commander. Someone reported to the Colonel that I had issued only two days' rations.

The Colonel came down to my quarters and commenced his abusive talk. I had a demijohn of whiskey there, and I said:

"Now, Colonel, take a drink."

He did so, and when he commenced talking again, I said "Now, Colonel, have another little drink," and by the third drink he had forgotten what he came for, and went off good-natured.

It was at Nashville that the boys got a little hilarious on Christmas Day, and pretty nearly everybody, including the Colonel, was full. Someone fired a shot down in the camp, and the Colonel came blustering down the line. "Who fired that shot?" he shouted. Somebody answered, "John." Colonel asked, "What

John?" The answer was "Demijohn, damn you!"

But Quartermaster or Captain, I have always thought, with my experience in California, where we had to keep our arms within reach all the time, and on account of the scouting we had to do in those mining days, I made a mistake in going into the ranks of the army. The regular routine of army life was irksome, and when I went into the service the second time, in 1862, I should have enlisted as a scout. My curiosity always was great to know what was going on. Where there was an opportunity for me to do so, I always joined the scouting parties that guarded our railroads from Nashville to Bowling Green, as well as those further South, when we were on the March to the Sea.

One day, while we were guarding these Kentucky railroads, we went west pretty nearly twenty-five miles. We found a tract of country near the southern State line that had not been foraged over, and we found plenty and to spare.

We loaded up our wagons that night for an early morning start, and a Union man came to our camp and told me that he knew there

was a party of Confederate guerillas between us and camp. He said he was sure they were intending to attack us on our way to headquarters. But we started early in the morning, and by placing my guard to front and rear, and taking a different and longer road, we saw no guerillas. But they had been at one of the small stills scattered all over that county—stills which manufactured Robinson County whiskey.

Our Brigade finally camped in Warhatchie Valley, at the base of Lookout Mountain. Sherman had advanced across the country from Vicksburg and raised the siege of Chattanooga, where General Rosecran's army, under General George H. Thomas, had been besieged all winter, and the "Battle above the Clouds" had been fought.

It was a cold winter. One night a snowstorm came on, and the next morning we had fifteen inches of snow, but it went away in two or three days. At that time there were probably ten thousand mules lying dead all over the country—starved to death.

The army was reorganized in March and April, and our brigade was assigned to the Third Division of the Twentieth Corps, Gen-

eral Joe Hooker commanding. Our Division Commander was General Dan Butterfield, and our Brigade Commander was William T. Ward, of Kentucky.

I was never intimate with any of the officers above a Colonel, but I knew all our officers, including Colonel Oglesby, afterward General, General Ward and General Harrison. I also saw General Sickles, when he came to visit General Butterfield after the battle of Resaca and before Butterfield left the division, which he did almost immediately after the battle.

Colonel Oglesby was a brave, good officer, and lived through the results of severe wounds, received, I think, in the battle of Donaldson; he afterward became Governor of Illinois and then a United States Senator for one term. He once told me something of his youth in Kentucky and of his going to California. His father, he said, had failed in business, and his slaves were sold to pay his debts, I think. One slave, old Ben, was greatly attached to his master's son, calling him "young Massa Dick." When he was sold and the time came to part, young Oglesby promised, "If I ever get money enough, Ben, I'm going to buy you back!"

General Oglesby and I crossed the Missouri on our way to California about the same time; but I never knew him till we were in the army together. In speaking of his start for the "Golden West" he said: "When I got across the Missouri I had just twenty-five cents in my pocket, and I didn't leave any behind!"

When he came back from California, sure enough, he had made a raise, and he bought old Ben back. When he told the old man that he was free he threw up his hands and cried, "Bless de Lord, Massa!" and he went away shouting, "I's a free man! I's free! I's FREE!"

I knew but little about Butterfield, except that he was a vain, conceited martinet. General Ward was an old-fashioned Kentucky Colonel, and indulged whenever he could get the liquor. We used to call him "Old Stough-ten-bottle," and "Jack of Clubs." He was one of those pussey old fellows.

That these strictures on my superior officers may not seem too drastic I will give two quotations, which speak for themselves:

"During the winter of 1862-63 the Army of the Potomac sank to its lowest point. It was commanded by a trio, of each of whom the least said the better. It consisted of "Joe" Hooker,

"Dan" Sickles, and "Dan" Butterfield. All three were men of blemished character. During that winter, when Hooker was in command, I can say from personal knowledge and experience that the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac was a place to which no self-respecting man liked to go, and no decent woman could go. It was a combination of bar-room and brothel."

—Extract from Memoirs of
Charles Francis Adams.

"When I reflect on the cheeky claim of Hooker's friends that he fought the battle of Peach Tree Creek, it occurs to me that I saw him on the battlefield next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, riding along the line. He made quite a show of bravery then, for he was where the Rebels were thickest the day before. But the boast about his rallying his running soldiers on the day of the fight is sickening. The men of the Third Division never yielded one inch of the line, but went forward and over the enemy.

"General Ward got a correspondent of the New York Herald to write a glowing account of how he, 'the wily old Kentuckian,' drew the rebels into a trap, etc., etc., and then slaughtered them. What nonsense! If he had had his own way we would have remained in the creek bottom. He never gave his division an order that day on the battlefield, as far as I know of, except what I got out of him. He left his Third Brigade, which was commanded by Col. Wood of New York, without orders,

who at last moved at my personal request and really saved a slaughter, and perhaps the day, by his timely advance on my left."

—General J. Coburn.

In comparing those officers whom I knew, and thinking which was best fitted for his position, I should say, possibly, that General Hooker was the best in many ways, because he had a military education. He was daring, brave, but, I think, rather a reckless man. I got well acquainted with him on the march after we left Chattanooga. One day I was detailed to go foraging, and I took my guard and started out. We soon got where the natives had never seen a Yankee, and we had good success in getting provisions. We also captured three horses and a pony. After we got pretty well loaded up and started for camp, we came upon General Hooker and his staff, who were dismounted under some trees just where we debouched into the main road. They were resting, waiting for the column to come up.

General Hooker got on his horse and started on down the road along which we had come. We had seen plenty of rebel signs and knew that they were very close. When I saw him going off down the road I remarked to one of

his staff: "The General had better not go down that way too far. The rebels are near, and he is entirely out of our lines."

The Adjutant said, "You'd better tell the General." So I rode after him and saluted, telling him that we had been through that country and that there were rebels there and that it was dangerous for him to go on.

He replied, "Oh, I don't think there is much danger. Come on with me, and we will ride down the road a piece."

He had his orderly with him, and I had mine—O'Reilley—, mounted on a horse we had captured that morning.

I brought my horse up at the side of the General, and we rode along together until we came to a lane with bushes on both sides. I happened to look up and there was a tent standing in an open field.

Just then General Hooker spoke: "Ride up and see what that is." I obeyed, and saw a camp-fire still smouldering and the camp utensils lying around. But there was nobody in sight. There was a mill just across a creek. We could see this mill and hear that the machinery was in motion.

Then I rode back to the General and said,

"General, you get out of here as quickly as you can." We started on the gallop, and by the time we got to the end of the lane my squad had come up. Then Hooker said:

"You go back there and reconnoiter. And if it's cavalry, you break for the brush. They will not follow you. I will soon have some help here for you."

We did as he commanded, and we discovered a negro lying in the bushes,—probably a servant of one of the Confederates. He told me that the rebel regiment had gone across the creek just before we came in sight, and that they were going to send a wagon for their camping things.

I had about twenty-five men with me, so we concluded that we would reconnoiter a little further. We went over to the mill and found corn still in the hopper, but the men running the mill had disappeared. They probably had seen us and thought that we were in advance of the Union troops.

We found an ox team there and a good strong wagon, and enough corn-meal to load it. Then we started back. Hooker, at the head of his cavalry, was coming toward us. He had about two hundred and fifty men.

When he saw what we had done he was very cordial to me, and pleasant. He remarked, "This is the first damn Quartermaster I ever saw ahead of the army!" Whenever he would see me after that—and I saw him nearly every day on the march to Atlanta—he would hold out his hand and shake hands, but never offered me a drink out of his canteen.

The ox team was taken along on the march, after we left Lookout Mountain, for we were marching slowly at that time. The corn-meal had been distributed right away, and I let the boys pile their knapsacks in the wagon for a day or two. But the owner of the team came to headquarters and plead so hard about it that we let him take his team back.

Another time I had a squad out foraging at Burnt Hickory, where there had been a little battle. Our division was deployed in line of battle, and Colonel Case was in command. He walked up to me and gave me an order:

"Quartermaster, I want you to report to General Hooker that there is an enemy to our front."

I rode to Hooker and reported.

The General hesitated. "What do you think of it, Quartermaster?" he finally asked.

I told him that I had seen no signs in that neck of the woods of an enemy.

"You go back and tell Case he must not report unless he knows the facts," he ordered.

That was my acquaintance with Joe Hooker.

CHAPTER XV

My First Battle

The boys in our regiment had all complained that they had so much hard work doing guard duty with the trains. They thought it would be a great relief to get to the front. But after we left Chattanooga on the fourth of May and got into our first battle at Resaca, Georgia, I think the whole regiment would have been satisfied to go back to guard duty.

This battle was practically one of fighting in the brush pretty nearly all the time, for the lay of the land was almost all mountainous. In fact, the battle was fought in the mountains, and they were so covered with timber that it was impossible to see anything of the line of battle.

In the advance, we were on the right center; McPherson, with the Fifteenth Corps, was in front, and they flanked Johnstone's army through Snake Creek Gap. McPherson got through the Gap and marched right square to

Johnstone's rear; but he over-estimated Johnstone's force in front of him and fell back to the mouth of the Gap for reinforcements. The mystery was, why Johnstone had left that Gap unprotected and undefended. The impression was that he was getting Sherman into a trap.

The first night we were in Snake Creek Gap I climbed up to the signal station, which was located on the side of the mountain, and got a good view of the valley beyond, toward the railroad, which the Confederates occupied.

In my opinion, the mistake was that Sherman, when he got through Snake Creek Gap, did not throw his entire army across Johnstone's rear but waited three days before he made an advance. By that time Johnstone had faced to the rear and was ready for him.

The Confederates had temporary breastworks near Resaca, and if McPherson had not overestimated the forces in his front, Sherman could have thrown his army right across Johnstone's army and fought him in his own temporary breastworks.

But instead of that, Sherman spent about two days in getting us through the Gap and in shape to attack. When we got in position the Confederates had temporary fortifications

already built, and all they had to do was to occupy them.

The morning of the battle of Resaca I was up at daylight and went out on the picket line to try to discover what was going on between the two armies. Our Corps was in line on a ridge, and between us and the rebels there was a small stream with some cleared fields on the opposite side from us.

I got out so I could see the rebels making breastworks,—carrying rails, etc. I exposed myself a little, and some bullets came flying toward me. I got a big tree between myself and them. I saw about all I wanted to just then!

The Twentieth Corps was the center one, and the Fourteenth was the extreme left. The Fifeenth Corps was in advance. When we charged on the Confederates, through thick brush and woods, our division was massed seven lines deep—almost a solid body. The first column would run and fall, and the balance would run over them and fall.

We charged against a blind lunette at the point of a ridge. A part of our regiment, about one hundred and twenty men, took this. Hess, our color bearer, planted the colors on the embankment and was shot through the

head and instantly killed. That flag stood there all the afternoon, and when we got through there were over one hundred and thirty holes shot through it. It is now in Springfield, Illinois, among the battle flags.

Our men were lying flat in the lunette and could not raise their heads as the Confederates were above them. But that night they got the guns and came out. I came very near being captured then. I was bringing up supplies and got in advance of my wagons. It was moonlight, and when I saw a lot of men carrying rails for making fortifications I asked what command it was. They gave me the number of some Georgia regiment, and I got out of there as soon as I possibly could—I did not stop.

I had never been in a battle, and, in the charge, I concluded I would go in with the regiment. So I took my position on the left, and when the charge was made our division was repulsed. The rebels had cross fire on us, and we lost one hundred and twenty-eight men in a few minutes. My assistant clerk, Fife, also went into the battle. He was a delicate, refined gentleman who had no business in the army whatever, except as a clerk.

When we were repulsed, I fell back over a ridge and the division disappeared completely from my view on account of the bushes. When I got out of range of the rebels, our division was there *en masse*—disorganized and dismayed. One hundred men could have run the entire division then!

I heard that Fife was wounded and went to hunt him up, and found him the most pitiful looking object I ever saw. When they charged, he had gone with them and had fallen down right up against some burnt logs. It was intensely hot and the perspiration and soot from the logs had made his face streaked. I said, "Fife, are you wounded?" He said, "No, I am not wounded, but, Cap, it was hell, it was hell." Well, he was sick for two weeks after that as he had been tramped on and bruised. We did not have much traveling to do so I put him on my horse and I walked for a few days and let him ride.

Fife afterward came home to Pontiac and was elected County Treasurer. Afterwards he came to California, and I visited him in Stockton where he had gone into the abstract business. His wife died there. His daughters married, and when he started back to Illinois

to visit me, he died, in Nebraska, of penumonia.

To go back to the battle:

Finally word came that Johnstone was evacuating the battlefield, and we got ready to move on a flank. Our adjutant was in advance, and he saw what he supposed was Johnstone's rear guard. He came riding back, yelling: "Hurry up the battery! We can see the rear guard of the Johnnies, and we can shell hell out of them!"

I was anxious to see the enemy, and as we marched I saw a cotton gin on top of the hill in front of us. When we got there I climbed up in the gin to see what I could see. And what I saw was a battery coming down to get in position to shell us. As I came down from the mill old Joe Hooker went up, but he did not stay but a minute—I saw old Joe run! I went back to the regiment, which was just under the brow of the hill. The enemy had gotten our range and shelled us terribly. I got behind a big tree in a little ravine, and the soldiers commenced piling down on me until I was pretty nearly smothered. I began to shake, not from fright but I had what they call "buck ague," and I had to get up and stand. The soldiers were lying along in a line.

One poor fellow had the top of his head shot off, and the man next to him did not know it.

As soon as our battery got in position (we had different guns from theirs and they were soon silenced), there was nothing between us and Resaca,—a little station on the railroad. When we got there the evidence was that the Confederates had gone in haste, for there were some dead, and some wounded men in the hospital.

We skirmished with the rebels fully twenty miles, to Marietta. They would take a position, and Sherman would move on the flank and drive them out. From Marietta we struck the Chattahoochie River. The rebels were on one side, we on the other; they had burned the bridge. Sherman threw part of his army across the river above the Confederates; and, of course, after he got position, Johnstone's army had to fall back, and did so—on Atlanta. Johnstone was superseded at that time by General Hood, as Davis was dissatisfied with Johnstone's retreat.

CHAPTER XVI

The Battle of Peach Tree Creek

(My Observations as a Quartermaster)

We struck what was known as Peach Tree Creek, about three or four miles out of Atlanta, one morning, and built temporary bridges across it. It was a narrow, swift, and muddy stream, and bank full from the recent rains.

Our Corps had stacked arms and were making coffee when somebody came to headquarters, and I heard him say that the Johnnies were falling back, and that the Fourteenth Corps were shelling their rear guard.

My curiosity was aroused, and I thought I would go to see what they were doing. The road went along a narrow ridge, and when I got to this main road the bullets commenced coming down the road, kicking up a dust like big drops of rain falling.

When I got back to headquarters we sup-

posed that the Confederates were going to make a charge and that it was their skirmishers who were firing down the road. I was ordered to take the camp equipage and camp followers across the creek, and get them out of range of the battle. When we started, the camp followers were so anxious to get out of danger that they broke the bridge down; and I had to get a guard there and keep the followers back while we fixed the bridge. Then we let them go across in single file.

After they were all safely across I ran them up into a little ravine, out of range, and I got behind a big oak tree where I could see from an open ridge that ran down toward the creek.

I had a fine view. I was about a mile from where the Confederate army came out of the woods into an open field, *en masse,* and deployed in line of battle; and I could also see our battle line as it got into position. It appeared to me that there were a wonderful lot of Confederates—more than I had ever seen before in battle—more than a million, it seemed. They advanced toward Peach Tree Creek, charging down hill, and I could not see them again until the two armies met on the ridge road leading toward Atlanta from an old mill.

When the two lines met, I could see Coburn's Brigade on the left and the First Brigade on the right. Coburn's Brigade marched up in perfect order—he did not have a large brigade. Then the firing commenced, and I could see nothing of the battlefield on account of the smoke.

The Johnnies got between our two fires and Coburn's Brigade, and our men cross-fired on them. The slaughter was terrible. The next morning we counted one hundred and twenty-eight rebels, dead, on one acre of land. I think that Peach Tree Creek was a great factor in Hood's defeat that day, for I doubt if he either knew or realized that the creek was as swift or as narrow as it was, or that it was bank full.

It was a singular thing, but I seldom or never heard a cry on the battlefield, after the first yell of a man when shot. In a hospital you would never hear a sound. That night, after this first day of the Peach Tree Creek battle, I visited our field hospital, for one of our sergeants, Vandenburg, a good German soldier, had had his leg shot off, and I went to see him.

For operating tables they had taken boards and planks from the old mill, and they had dug

trenches under them. The surgeons were working like butchers, amputating legs and arms, and throwing them under the tables into the trenches. It was lucky for the wounded that ether was available.

When I saw Vandenburg he said, "Cap, I believe I am going to go." And he did.

While I was there several hundred Confederates were brought in, badly wounded, and I asked one of them how much of an army they had. "Oh," he said, "I think we have about enough for two more killin's!"

During the night Hood withdrew his army behind his fortifications, and we made our camp in a ravine that was in view of their breastworks. We must have been a mile or more from the fortifications. The second day we moved up nearer into a better position and we could see them dimly through the woods. After dark we built a fire and were going to have our supper when a sixty-four pounder came right over our heads. The Confederates had got our range! We had to put our fire out and move back into the woods before we could make our coffee.

After that our headquarters were in an open field, in a white house something over a mile

from the fortifications. We were there several days; and every night, when the rebels would see our lights, they would fire on us, but we did not move. We just let them fire, for we knew that ammunition was not very plentiful with them, and anyway they only sent one or two sixty-four pounders at a time.

It was the 22d of July when the second battle of Atlanta took place. General McPherson was killed, and John A. Logan took command of our right wing. He was as brave a man as ever lived. He had a black horse, and he had black hair, too, and when he took command they say he rode down the line waving his hat and shouting: "Charge 'em, boys!" I did not see him do it.

Sherman's army had moved by the right flank toward Jonesboro, and our division was thrown back on the Chattahoochie River to guard the railroad. The bridge was out, and our engineers cut the timber and built a temporary bridge in about four days—a remarkable feat.

When Hood found he was being flanked out of Atlanta (Sherman had moved by the right flank toward Jonesboro) he evacuated Atlanta without a battle, blew up the magazines and fell back to Jonesboro.

One morning we woke and found that it had been raining during the night and that the road from Atlanta was full of soldiers coming back. We were mystified. Was Sherman on a retreat? About nine o'clock he came riding into our camp and looked around. The commanding officer explained matters and Sherman said: "You want to watch and pray; and do a great deal more watching than praying!" His army was marching rapidly, forced marching, I should say.

The Government had a drove of cattle—about twenty-five hundred; and three hundred and sixty head were turned over to me to look after, and I had to account for them. These cattle were for our provisions. We first killed those that we thought would die first. They were mighty poor beasts,—we couldn't raise grease, even, when we boiled the meat! I receipted for eighteen hundred pounds for each steer; but I could not get more than three hundred pounds of meat from any one of them. But of course I had to receipt for just what they originally weighed. When I left Atlanta I was more than forty thousand pounds of beef short.

Among other supplies that were sent me

there was a good deal of bread in boxes. This bread was mouldy—not fit to eat—and we piled it out. At that time Commander Butterfield had ordered the division on three-quarters' rations, and I began to notice that the boxes of mouldy bread were disappearing. But I didn't notice it so much until the boys began to come regularly each day, with a box of mouldy bread and want to exchange it for good bread. Then I got onto them!

The Government also sent down about twenty barrels of whiskey. The officers were giving orders for it very freely and one day I went up to Colonel Smith, temporarily in command of the brigade, and asked: "Colonel, isn't there going to be any limit to this whiskey ordering?" He thought a moment and answered, "Do not give any officer over two canteens a day." That was something over one-half a gallon—about his limit! I have often wondered why they drank so much, and my explanation is that they craved luxuries—high living—and this liquor served for everything that they desired.

While I was on the ridge road a lieutenant from the 79th Ohio and I got a pass to cross the river to visit some friends in another regiment stationed over there. General Ward was

our Division Commander at that time, and as I knew him quite well I rode up to his headquarters and said: "General, it is reported that Atlanta is ours." Ward was pretty full at the time and he said, "Yes, Captain, if you don't believe it go in and see for yourself." Then he turned to an aide and added, "Adjutant, give these men a pass to go to Atlanta."

As Mark Twain would say, that was "nuts for us," as of course we were anxious to see the city. We got to the outskirts of Atlanta just as the city authorities were surrendering to General Sherman.

It struck me, after looking around for a while, to go to the post-office and see what news I could get there. When I got to it, there were tons of mail scattered all over the floor, and I spent some time hunting up all the latest papers that I could find from every part of the Confederacy. I filled one of Uncle Sam's large leather bags full of these papers, and we started back to our line.

It was late when we got to the outskirts of Atlanta, and a Confederate, standing on crutches in his doorway, attracted our attention. We stopped to talk with him a little while. Finally he said, "Well, boys, it is pretty late now, and you had better stay here with

me tonight. I haven't got much to eat, just a little corn-bread and bacon; but I have a place where you can put your horses." He was so pleasant and so sociable we stayed there that night; but as soon as it was daylight we started on our way. We got back to camp just as they were getting through breakfast. I had my bag of papers and I rode up to Colonel Harrison's headquarters—it was he who had given us permission to go across the river to visit our friends—and asked him if he would like to have some late Confederate papers. He looked up angrily and said: "Where did you get them?"

"At Atlanta."

"How came you to go there?"

I pulled out General Ward's order.

After he read it he said, "The next time you go to Atlanta, you get permission from these headquarters."

I was so mad I just took my sack of papers and went through the brigade, scattering the papers. I did not give him one. Colonel Harrison was a cold-blooded man. The boys used to say he sweat ice-water. But he was a good officer and a strict dsiciplinarian. He had no intimates, and always impressed people with the fact that he was the grandson of General Henry Harrison.

CHAPTER XVII

Sherman's March to the Sea

When we started away from Atlanta we did not know where we were going, whether to Savannah, Charleston, or Richmond; but we thought we probably should reach the Atlantic coast.

In the preparations to leave, everything was cut down to the least that we could get along with. All extra equipment were sent back to Chattanooga, the trains were full, while all men not able to report for duty were sent to the rear. Every officer and every man had to carry his own baggage, as we had only one wagon to each regiment.

The morning that we left Atlanta there was some hitch about getting the different columns in line, and I rode back into the city. We had been camping just outside the city limits, and we gathered up all the army supplies that we could not carry with us and stacked them in

the depot. They were set on fire—wagons, camping kits, everything; and my last impression of Atlanta was an immense smoke.

We marched straight east from Atlanta for two days and then turned South. At that time we had a part of the Seventh Illinois Mounted Infantry in our advance, and Colonel Johnson, who had started out as a company cook, was in command of the detachment. I liked him and was always anxious to go with him.

The day before we left Atlanta Colonel Smith, who was in command of our brigade, sent for me.

"Now, Quartermaster," he said, "you are to do nothing in this campaign but forage. Take what men you want and a guard to look after what you get. I expect you to keep your wagons full of the products of the country."

I knew I was to forage for a division, about three thousand men; so I picked about twenty-five men, part of whom were armed with seven-shooter rifles, and got a squad of men as guard for the wagons and to care for them while we were on the march. When we left Atlanta I was the only one of my men who had a horse, but in three days I had the twenty-five men mounted on horses or mules. I had no trouble

to keep my wagons full of corn, forage and sweet potatoes, for we soon got into what was known as the sweet potato country, where they were raised in large quantities. The country was rich and productive, and it had been a plentiful year.

The foraging was quite interesting. It was getting along into November, and we found some of the corn in the fields, ungathered, and some of it in cribs. One day we found a crib of corn on a big plantation which must have contained two or three hundred bushels. When we got to the bottom of it, in loading it on our wagons, we found a trunk with about $100,000 worth of Confederate money and bonds in it. From that on, I always paid in Confederate money. I brought home some of the bonds for curiosities, but they were burned when my home was destroyed.

I remember once my horse needed re-shoeing and I stopped in a little village, and when a negro blacksmith did the work I asked him what kind of money he wanted for the job.

"We-all doan' have anything but Confederate money," he answered.

So I gave him about one hundred dollars for tacking those shoes on, and he thought that was great.

"Yo' Yankees mus' hab lot o' money!" he exclaimed.

In our progress we generally found that the sweet potatoes were all dug and piled carefully in holes. The Southerners would clear off a place and pile their potatoes up, then put pine straw around them and cover them lightly with dirt. In that way they kept very well—until we found them.

The Georgians' method of saving their fodder was by stripping the blades and stacking the bundles around a pole. It was very convenient for us, as we just had to drive into a field and load our wagons up with the fodder.

Although I never allowed my men to go into a home, they visited plenty of smoke-houses, hen-houses and hog-pens. The hogs we had to kill ourselves—it was too early in the season for the farmers to have done that. We never had any fat cattle, but we found a good many sheep, and at one time I had eight hundred head of cattle.

My men were always loyal to me, and it was a great punishment to one to be sent back to his regiment. In fact, a good part of this famous march was a kind of picnic for Sherman's army, after having been on short rations for

so long and fighting and skirmishing. As soon as the men would commence getting into camp they began yelling and kept it up till taps. It was a regular holiday, and I do not suppose there was ever a happier army than Sherman's —"From Atlanta to the Sea."

About two days out from Atlanta we came to Eatonton. Colonel Johnson had about four companies. He divided these, and they went down four streets and charged through the town. They went just like the wind, and there was no one to stop them—everybody got out of the way. We could see the backs of the "Home Guards" disappearing in the woods. That was the only charge I ever was in and the only time I ever saw a town captured by a cavalry charge.

We found some Confederate supplies in Eatonton—two big hogsheads of sugar, and part of another; and some tobacco and salt. We didn't need the salt, but we were glad to get tobacco, although I happened to have about one thousand pounds when we started from Atlanta. Colonel Le Duc had sold it to me. I suppose it was his duty to sell it, for he had probably receipted for it.

The next day we entered Milledgeville, a

city of perhaps five thousand people. My foragers and I entered the town some two or three hours before the main army got there. The Mayor and the Council came out to meet us, to surrender the city. Of course, I had no authority to take it over, and I told the Mayor that General Sherman would be along in an hour or two and that he would attend the preliminaries of the surrender. I told his Honor I had other business to attend to. Although I did not tell him so, we were still looking for tobacco; but although we searched thoroughly we did not find one hundred pounds in that whole city.

Finally we saw the advance of Sherman's army coming, and we halted in front of a beautiful mansion, where there were some nice-looking young ladies on the porch. An old gentleman on crutches came hobbling down to the gate and invited us to come in.

Three or four of us accepted the invitation, and the ladies were very agreeable. When we started to go the old man asked us to come back that evening, saying that the ladies would entertain us.

When I went back to camp I told Adjutant Trego, who was a nice young fellow; and about

eight of us young officers went down there after supper and spent a very pleasant evening with conversation and music.

When we started to leave, the old gentleman insisted that two of us stay there for the night, and Trego and I decided that it was perfectly safe to do so; so they put us in the front room; and, my! didn't that great big feather-bed, that covered us clear to our eyes, feel good! Altogether, we were entertained luxuriously, although it was our business to get back to camp and we could not stay for breakfast.

That day our men got together and went into the State House. We gathered in a crowd, just for fun, and organized a mock legislature. One of our party read a message, just as if he were the Governor. Then a committee was appointed, and the motion was carried that we would rescind the ordinance of secession, and that we would come back into the Union as a loyal State. Everything went off very nicely, and we "brought Georgia back into the Union" in our own way!

While one of the party was foraging around in the building he found a box full of Confederate money fresh from the printers. It was unsigned, and in sheets, each of fives, tens,

twenties and fifties. There must have been half a million dollars, as the box was solidly full. The money got scattered around amongst the men in the army, and they got busy, filling out and signing them. They had oceans of Confederate money with their own signatures on it.

I left Milledgeville early in the morning with my squad, for I had to keep on foraging. It is my impression that we did not burn the State House, although I know that that is a disputed point in the war records.

We were not a great way from the Savannah River for about one hundred miles, and when we started from Milledgeville the soldiers did not know whether we were going to Augusta, Georgia, or to Charleston, or to Savannah. They were kept in the dark about it.

After we left Milledgeville, some way the negroes got it into their heads that they could follow the Union army. The negro women would come along with bundles on their heads, each holding a baby by the hand with two or three more behind. We tried to persuade them to go back but they would not. "Where you's gwine, we's gwine."

We had to feed them, and it seemed that they

could live on as little as anything I ever saw. If they just had a little corn-bread they were all right. In crossing one of the rivers, we stopped the women and children, and when the army got across, we destroyed the bridge. It was a case where we had to do it. We put the negro men to work repairing the roads and building bridges. They were great with the axe, and I have seen them go into a swamp and you could just see the trees falling and falling. They could build a corduroy road pretty nearly as fast as we could travel.

We passed through several small towns, but Savannah was the next one of importance.

As we came near Savannah we were about three miles from the river, and there was a big swamp between us and the rebels' fortifications. The next morning after we got that near the city Colonel Smith, commander of our brigade, sent for me.

"Now, Cap," he said, "I want you to take what men you want, and wagons; and don't you come back until you bring something."

So we started right off, down to the Savannah River, and when we got in sight of it, we saw that the rebels had three gunboats on the other side of a big island.

Part of the First Division of our Corps had got to the river and then over on the island, and they had gathered up something like one hundred head of cattle that had been left there.

Those gunboats opened up on us, but when we found that they had nothing but round shot and no shells, and that we could see the balls when they were coming toward us, we saw that the balls could not hurt us very much. When the firing began, the fellows who had the cattle got scared and ran and left the stock.

I got my men over on the island in riceboats, as there were a quantity of them, which they used for transporting the rice from the island to the mainland, where there was a mill. We gathered up the cattle, and the gunboats went down the river. Then our batteries got in shape and gave them two or three shots, and they surrendered. I sent back to camp for the butchers to come down and take care of the cattle. The First Division of our Corps felt very sore because we got the cattle away from them. But they ran away, and so it was their own fault that we got them.

We found that there was a big rice plantation on the island, with a rice mill on it. The rice was in stack at that time—great ricks stacked up.

We found a negro engineer, fired up the mill and commenced threshing the rice and hulling it. It came in very handy, as we fed our horses on it in the sheaf. We stayed there some time. When I left I had been running the mill for two weeks. We turned out about fifteen tierces of rice a day.

We also found about three hundred bushels of corn in the crib and set the darkies to shelling it.

While we were on the island we saw a line of battle about one mile from us, on the South Carolina side. The Confederates commenced marching toward us and firing. Some of the bullets hit the mill. I had about fifty men with me at that time, armed with seven-shooters. I quickly got them close under the banks of the river; and as the rebels came near we opened on them. After we fired about three or four volleys the Johnnies retired and left us in peace from that on.

Here was where General Sherman missed a wonderful opportunity to capture what Confederates there were in Savannah. There were probably only two or three regiments of Confederates on the South Carolina side, and he could have sent two or three divisions after

them and prevented them from getting out of the city.

About that time, General Hazen captured Fort McAllister and opened communication with our fleet. The Confederates evacuated Savannah when McAllister was taken. We entered Savannah and had quarters near the railway depot—very comfortable quarters. It was there that I was taken with the "break bone fever"—the only time I was sick in my entire army life.

When we got ready to leave Savannah on the last leg of the march we moved over to the island. We had to make two bridges, one to the island and the other from the island to the South Carolina shore. That night it turned very cold for that country, and the wind blew down the river—that damp cold weather just about at the freezing point, and we suffered terribly that night. When we got over I went to headquarters and was nearly sick. We were there about ten days before starting on the next march. The morning we got ready to start, the surgeon said, "You have got to go to the hospital." I told him I wasn't going to do it if I could help it, and I got on my horse that morning and rode nearly all day. When

I got into camp, I was as hungry as a wolf, and I was never sick an hour after that.

In leaving Savannah there had been a great freshet and the whole country appeared to be under water. Sometimes for miles and miles we had to wade in water, and in the bad places we had fifteen hundred negroes in front of us cutting logs and making corduroy roads. General Morrow, who was our Corps Commander at that time, declared one day that "we struck a river and followed it clear along to the head."

CHAPTER XVIII

On to Washington—and Home

It was a regular March day, with a high wind blowing, when, on our way from Atlanta to Washington, we got to Columbia, South Carolina. All the pine trees in the surrounding woods had been tapped for turpentine, and somehow they had gotten afire. There were thousands of trees burning all through the woods.

Although we were camped across the river from Columbia, we could see piles of cotton in the streets. We could even see loose cotton blowing in the wind, and that night the city caught fire.

It has been said that General Sherman set Columbia afire, but that is not so. Sherman had to move his headquarters three times that night on account of the fire; and he and his staff, according to Colonel Garber, who was his Quartermaster, did all they could to assist

the citizens to check it. Colonel Garber told me all the circumstances of this when I was with him from the time we left Raleigh, North Carolina, until we were mustered out in Washington City. General Wade Hampton was in command of the Confederates in Columbia; and we thought, and I still think, that he was responsible for the burning of Columbia.

Our next move was to cross the river, and we did this about three miles above Columbia. There were extensive cotton mills where we crossed. As we marched we found a great deal of stuff hidden in the woods—things that no soldier would ever want—silk dresses and such things. But we also sometimes found boxes of valuables right in the middle of the road where they had been buried and covered with sand; and as the boys went along they would prod the ground with their ramrods to see what they would strike.

When we came to Graham's Turnout, a small town, we found it afire. I do not know whether the inhabitants set it, or how the fire started. But Mr. Fife, of whom I have spoken before, was an Odd-Fellow, and when he saw that the Odd-Fellows' Hall was blazing, he entered the building to see if he could save any-

thing. He got the Bible from the desk and brought it to camp, wrapped it up and put it in one of the wagons. We always laughed at Fife about stealing the Word of God. But after he got home, he did this Bible up nicely and sent it back to the Graham's Turnout Lodge. He got a very appreciative letter from those Southern Odd-Fellows.

On this march the only battle we had was at Bentonville, North Carolina. It was a pretty serious battle, and one that General Sherman wanted to avoid, because he was in the interior, with no way to care for the sick and wounded. Speaking of sick men, it was remarkable that there were no sick men on that march. They were on their way to Washington, and I suppose there was a sort of mind-cure influence.

This battle came about in this way. Johnstone had swung his army around and expected to cut Sherman's command in two. We were marching in four fronts. There were the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, a part of the Seventeenth, and the Twentieth Corps, each on a different road, but roads as nearly parallel as possible. General Johnstone made a bold dash and turned the flank of the Fourteenth Corps.

Part of our Corps met Johnstone's force, and he was soon defeated, but very few of our men were lost.

I was with the provision train that night which had its camp close to the road on which the soldiers were marching when Sherman had to shift some of the command, for the Fourteenth Corps needed supporting. I could hear the men joking as they passed. The badge of the Fifteenth Corps was a cartridge box; the Fourteenth's was an acorn, and the Twentieth's was a five point star. The men of the Fifteenth would call out, "Have you seen any stars falling?" and then, pretty soon, I would hear another voice ask, "Where is 'Acorn Run'?"

One night General Kirkpatrick, who was the head of Sherman's cavalry, was surprised. He wasn't captured, but he hadn't time to dress; he escaped in his night clothes. It was a joke on him, and he heard of it for a long time. But the enemy were soon repulsed and our march was not impeded.

At Cheraw the Confederates had a magazine of munitions of war. It had been a large turpentine factory, and they had run their rosin into a near-by ravine; hundreds of tons were

there. Some of our soldiers set that rosin afire. The fire spread; but we had word before the fire got to the powder magazine and we did not lose a man in the explosion, although a whole block of buildings was moved by the concussion.

Our next objective point was Fayetteville, about one hundred miles from the coast. The United States government had had an arsenal there, but the Confederates had been using it to manufacture munitions during the rebellion.

From Fayetteville we marched to Goldsborough, and there we got into communication with the coast, and had supplies and our mail brought to us from Newberry, the port of entry. We were glad to have new clothing and new shoes. Most of us had only one pair of socks during the campaign. Here we heard of Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

We were just getting ready to march from Goldsborough when we got the news of Lincoln's assassination. The word came by telegraph, and just as we were breaking camp. An officer rode along the line and announced the terrible tragedy. All over the command there fell a hush. Every man in the army felt that he had lost a friend.

I was detailed to stay in Goldsborough to take care of abandoned property, while the rest of the army marched on to Raleigh; but a day or two after our command left the Twenty-third Corps came. So I was relieved, and I started for my command. Fife and I had been busy getting out our reports, and we were all ready to go home. I had been Commissary of Subsistence for two years, and I did not want to go back to my regiment and open up new accounts.

At Raleigh General Johnstone made propositions to surrender his army, and General Sherman gave him very liberal terms—so much so that when Sherman's report went to Washington with the terms of the surrender the Secretary of War, Stanton, was dissatisfied. Sherman either was a little too liberal in his terms, or he did not understand the civil law part of the surrender; and Stanton sent General Grant down to modify or change the terms. Probably there were some politics mixed up in it, but General Sherman was fearfully angry. I did not see Sherman again until we got to Richmond, Virginia.

From Raleigh we had the hardest marching of all the war. We were anxious to get home,

and we often marched twenty-five miles a day.

When we got to Richmond, instead of making camp in the city, we made it across the river in the town of Manchester. General Hallet was in Richmond, and no sooner had we gotten comfortably located in camp than he ordered the Fifteenth Corps to march in review through the city the next day.

General Sherman, coming into camp good-natured and pleased to see everybody, picked up a Richmond paper and saw Hallet's order. Sherman flared up and swore like a Turk.

"There'll be no review of the Fifteenth Corps through Richmond tomorrow," he stormed. "I've a good mind to send my bummers over there and clean the damn town out!"

Then he sat down and notified General Hallet that there would be no review of the Fifteenth Corps through Richmond the next day.

After we left Richmond we marched north through some of the battlefields, and camped for a day at Mary's Heights, Fredericksburg. We found bodies of our soldiers on the battlefield of Wilderness that had lain there since the battle. They were just skeletons in uniform. I do not now recall how many we saw, but there were quite a number. The Adjutant

of our division went out to view the battlefield of Fredericksburg, and we never saw him afterward.

When we got to Washington, and crossed the long bridge, who should be standing there, waiting for me, but Charlie Philbrick, Captain John B. Baker, and Bailey Dawson. Charlie, although younger than I, had been my roommate in Jacksonville, when he was going to the Illinois College, and I to the public school. He was Assistant Private Secretary to President Lincoln at the time of the assassination, and was a splendid fellow, clean, pleasant, intelligent and good company. He would come down to camp every day while I was in Washington to see me. But he did not live out half his days.

Our regiment was mustered out on the 9th of June, 1865. It was surprising how all the soldiers scattered and settled down to plain living, without any excitement. I remember it was feared that when that vast army was turned loose on the country there would be trouble. But these fears were unfounded, for the men wanted to get home, and did so as soon as they could. Most soldiers were better men when they were mustered out than when

they went into the army; and I must say, there were many men in our regiment who were superior to their officers. Of course, some of them were dissipated; but, as I said before, most of them benefited by their hard experiences. The men who survived were the fittest. For a time after I left the service I felt as though I would rather be back in the army and shot at every day. I missed my companions.

I was fortunate in my companions in the army, as I have been all through life. My recollections of my mess-mates, who were my employees in the Quartermaster's Department (I never messed at headquarters, because my office was to work), have always been very pleasant. We were together for over two years.

My boon companion was William B. Fife, the Scotchman, of whom I have spoken before. Sergeant-Major Judd was also one of my particular chums. He was considered the neatest man in the regiment, always correct in deportment, always methodical and always trustworthy. He now makes his headquarters at Dwight, Illinois, where he made a great fortune.

William H. Bradbury was an Englishman

with a fine education and literary tastes. Some of his poetry has been published in the History of Livingston County, Illinois. He died years ago.

Manning Smith, my commissary sergeant, was of sterling worth and had plenty of dry wit. Sometimes he talked in his sleep. Fife told a story, after we captured the gunboats off Savannah, that Smith got all three of those gunboats in a canteen—in his dreams!

George W. Newton has led an active life in railroad offices and is now living in quietude at Coronado, California.

Abe Markel, the last of my mess, has been a minister of the Gospel for forty years. He now lives at Anaheim, California.

There was one officer of whom I wish to speak. That is Captain Coppage, of Company I. He had some trouble with a drunken superior officer, and cursed him, telling him he would knock his head off. Of course Coppage was tried and dismissed from the service. But before the findings were sent back he had fought two battles—Resaca and Peach Tree Creek. Coppage had more manhood in his little finger than was in the whole carcass of his superior officer.

Dr. Johns was our first surgeon—a real gentleman. He had been appointed by the Governor of Illinois, from Decatur, as it appeared there were no first-class surgeons in the county available among the applicants for surgeon of our regiment. In some way the staff of the regiment did not take kindly to him, saying he was an interloper because he was not from any of the counties that made up the regiment. They made it so unpleasant for him that he resigned. It soured his whole after life.

We also had a bugler, William McCarty. He was a jovial, jolly Scotchman, who not only loved a joke, but a "wee drop" occasionally, although he never drank to excess. He used to come to me and say, "Cap, this blowing the bugle is hard on me. Can't you give me a wee drop to moisten my lips?" Every time he would come to camp he would ask the same question. He would want just a "wee drop."

McCarty was a splendid man, and when we were mustered out at Chicago, he was in Company B, from Dwight. The company left Chicago at nine o'clock and got to Dwight at twelve, midnight. The ladies of the town had prepared a supper for them. After supper, as McCarty told me years afterward, he took

his bugle and knapsack and started on foot for home, which was about seven miles from Dwight, across the prairie.

He got in sight of his house just at daybreak, and he pulled out his old bugle and gave the reveille first. Then he played "Home, Sweet Home." There was a commotion in the house, and pretty soon the children commenced running out to meet him. He used to come to see me about twice a year, and he always told me this story about his homecoming. I think it would be a beautiful picture for an artist.